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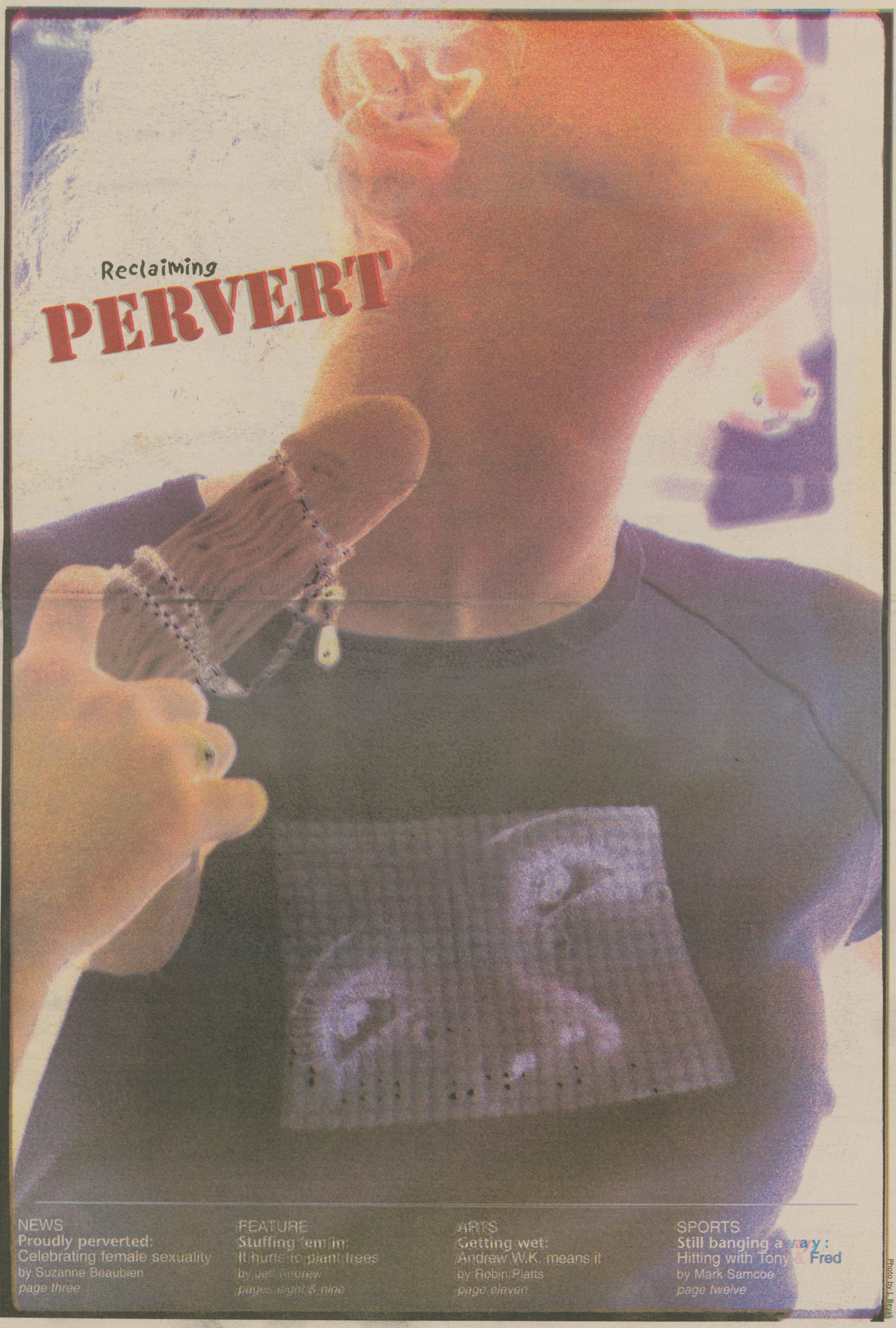

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Photo by J. Beyak

UVSS poppin' mad over fees

by Robin Platts

What can a students' society do when students aren't getting the straight dope on tuition hikes? Load up a popcorn machine, build a mock tollbooth and take the message directly to the people.

The UVic Students' Society (UVSS) took its act on the road this week, spreading the word about the realities of tuition hikes at UVic over the next three years. A brightly painted "toll booth" could be found at various locations on campus, emblazoned with the words "How much can you afford to pay?" Volunteers dispensed "lottery tickets" from the booth and handed out free bags of popcorn to students.

"It's an information campaign," said Zoë Bake-Patterson, member of the UVSS political action committee, "to pass the information on to students. We're using the lotto theme to make it more interesting. It's not threatening. It's not a rally. It's much more accessible."

"People don't want to be attacked," said UVSS Director-at-Large Jude Coates. "They want to be informed, but it's nice if you can do it in a way that's social, not just being bombarded with facts and figures."

Central to their campaign is the message that tuition fees are not merely increasing by 30 per cent this year, but will increase by the same percentage for the following two years. Given that the increases are cumulative, the UVSS says that tuition will almost double over the next three years.

"We want to dispel the myth that paying more equals higher-quality education," Coates said, adding that the government is "continuing to underfund education."

"Universities can barely maintain the status quo, let alone improve it," said Coates. "Wait lists are not decreasing. We're seeing increases in class sizes."

The UVSS predicts UVic students will pay out approximately $36,900,000 in fee increases over the next three years.

Bake-Patterson and Coates said the response has been great so far and the project seems to be serving its purpose. Many students lured to the booth by the free popcorn are surprised to hear about the full implications of tuition hikes over the next three years.

"A lot of students didn't realize the increase isn't just a one-time deal," said Coates, adding that fee increases have a much broader effect than many students realize.

"We're worried about how this will change the face of our economy and people's careers," Coates said. "If you want to study law and be an environmental lawyer, your debts will be so high that you'll be funneled into the corporate sector because you'll need to pay off that loan. Having that huge debt reduces your options."

The UVSS tollbooth will be dispensing popcorn and information until Monday, Sept. 30, the day on which tuition fees are due.

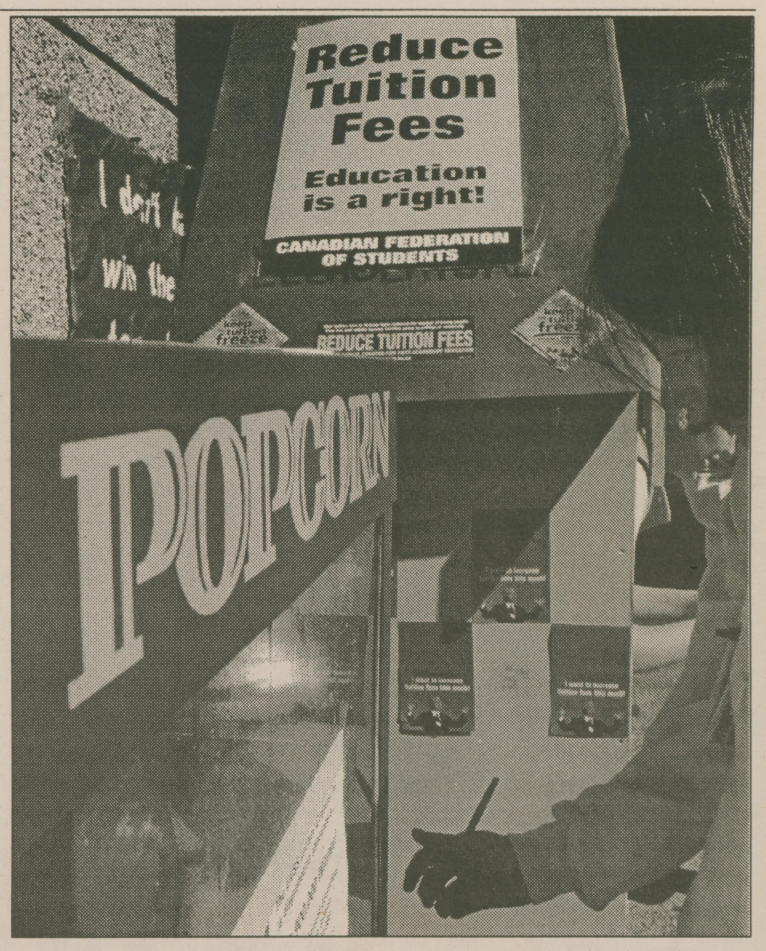

photo by Mark Samcoe

"We're playing on the idea that, as students pay more for tuition, they have less money for food," said Zoë Bake-Patterson of the UVSS Political Action Committee.

Youth Protecting Youth back on campus after hiatus

by Jess Proudfoot

UVic's most controversial club is back in action after a year of dormancy.

Youth Protecting Youth (YPY), a campus club focused on pro-life issues, held their first meeting of the year on Sept. 16, drawing over 20 students to hear guest speaker Elaine Margaret from the National Campus Life Network, an organization that supports pro-life clubs across Canada.

The club remains cautious in their campus activities due to past problems meeting policy requirements of the UVSS.

Director of Services Michelle Kinney said though YPY is being closely watched, especially in terms of poster and pamphlet distribution, they have all the rights any club with status on campus has.

"If a club is outside policies and by-laws they can be disciplined in a few different ways: they could lose funding, postering privileges, and could be banned from booking rooms," said Kinney. "If it's repeated, their club status could be revoked."

In the spring of 1999 YPY was granted club status despite its conflict with the UVic Students' Society's (UVSS) pro-choice policy, which states: "The Society supports freedom of choice in the matter of abortion."

To receive status and funding, all clubs must abide by UVSS policies and by-laws. YPY failed to do so, however, and on Nov. 1, 2000, less than nine months after the clubs conception, its status was revoked. The UVSS cited an inappropriate poster as the problem, which read, "With no laws protecting the unborn in Canada, abortions are available anytime during the nine months of a woman's pregnancy."

At the Feb. 2000 UVSS semi-annual general meeting, YPY tabled a request for re-instatement. Over 600 students attended, forcing organizers to hold the meeting outside. Many came as advocates of free speech, while others were there to either support or dispute YPY's cause.

YPY did not receive the two-thirds majority vote required and their request was denied. Shortly after, however, the club appealed to the Human Rights Commission and threatened to file a lawsuit against the UVSS. The student society conceded and YPY was reinstated later that spring, with the understanding they would abide UVSS policy.

When asked about the resurfacing of YPY, Eliza Walter, co-ordinator for the UVSS Women's Centre, said, "every group should have a right to its own belief system, if done without infringing on the rights of others." She did, however, express concerns about the scare tactics and misinformation distributed by similar groups in the past.

YPY members said they intend to be more cautious in their upcoming campaigns, with a goal to raise awareness *while avoiding conflict* with UVSS policy. One YPY member who asked to remain unnamed said "You can't just jump up on the fountain and start yelling [about abortion]." At a recent meeting they discussed several pro-choice arguments and how to effectively argue against them.

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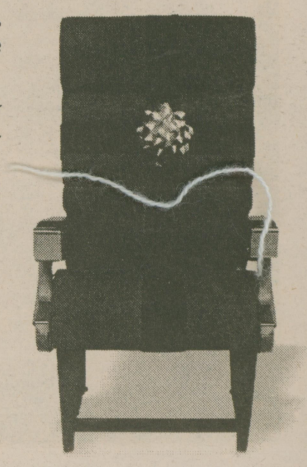

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Proudly perverted:

UVSS Women's Centre workshops celebrate female sexuality

by Suzanne Beaubien

Did you know some sex toys can shred inside you, leaving tiny pieces of plastic behind?

Or that some lubricants contain sugar, which could irritate your most special parts?

These and other questions were discussed at a workshop by the UVSS Women's Centre on Monday, Sept. 23, that focused on safety issues surrounding the use of sex toys.

Tracy Coulter, library coordinator and longtime volunteer for the Women's Centre, hosted the workshop.

"I'm proud to be a pervert," said Coulter. "And I want to help women be empowered in their sexuality."

While it was Coulter's first workshop, she helped lead several last year with Andrea Peneycad, author of the centre's new publication, *The Bad Asses' Guide to Good Times in the Sack*.

Eliza Walker, Women's Centre coordinator, said the workshop stressed, above all, "safety, quality and fun."

"In part, it's about making sure that you know what you are paying for," said Walker.

Toys, like dildos and vibrators, are typically made of various types of plastics, some safe and some not so safe. There are no regulations on the plastics used in sex toys like there are in the production of children's toys. For this reason, Walker said it's important for women to be informed about what goes into the toys they purchase.

"The sex toy industry will rip you off," said Walker. "You get what you pay for when you buy mystery plastics."

Silicon is more expensive but safer and easier to clean, Coulter said. Silicon toys can even be put in the dishwasher to sterilize them. Toys made of latex, on the other hand, may absorb bacteria, and cannot be completely sterilized. For that reason, they should never be shared. However, they are much cheaper, which may create a problem for students without the bank accounts to buy silicon toys.

But Coulter had an easy solution to this problem: Condoms.

The workshop was casual, frank, funny and above all, informative. Coulter's knowledge ran the gamut from lubes to dildos to dental dams, and though she claimed to be no expert, she was able to answer most questions.

Last year was the first time the Women's Centre ran the workshop and Walker said it was very successful.

"Out of 15 women, only four had used toys," said Walker. "They were really nervous at first, but by the end we were all laughing and having lots of fun."

In addition to enlightening campus women about pleasurable playthings, the Women's Centre recently hosted its first Fertility Awareness workshop. The idea originated with two nursing students who conducted their practicums at the Women's Centre during the summer.

"We talked about how we can help women become their own sexual health advocates," said Walker. The students put on three CFUV radio shows on women's health. The shows were so well received that they decided to run a workshop.

photo by Jocelyn Beyak

A pocket full of miracles. More fun than you can poke a stick at. It's only fun until someone loses an eye. A bit of a handful, etc.

Conducted by Lori Walsh, a local herbologist and doula, the workshop examined both menstruation and ovulation patterns. Walker said there will be more workshops in the future.

The Bad Asses' Guide to Good Times in the Sack can be bought at the Women's Centre. The cost is one dollar for the 30-page book that examines all the issues discussed in the workshop.

UN arms inspector to visit UVic

by John Thompson

As a former United Nations arms inspector to Iraq, Scott Ritter has become one of the foremost critics of the United States' plans to wage a new war against the middle-eastern country. On Oct. 3, he will speak at UVic.

"It'll be really interesting to hear what he has to say," said Deanna Dean of the Victoria Campaign Against War and Sanctions on Iraq, one of the groups sponsoring Ritter's visit. "It takes a lot of courage and strength for someone like that to speak out against his country."

Ritter doesn't fit the mould of most American foreign policy critics: he is a card-carrying member of the Republican party, voted for George W. Bush in the last election, and served for 12 years in the U.S. armed forces, including time spent as a major in the U.S. Marines during the Gulf War.

But with seven years of first-hand experience searching for deadly weapons in Iraq, Ritter is an expert on a contentious topic: whether or not Iraq possesses the weapons and technology to justify an unprovoked attack on the country.

"He has first-hand knowledge," Dean said.

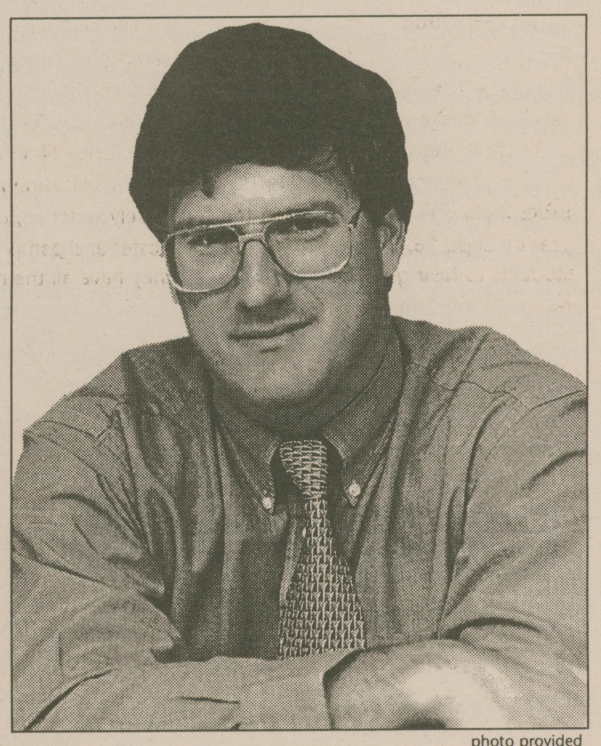
Ritter resigned from his post as weapons inspector after he was barred from entering Iraq in 1998, accused by its government of being a spy. He resigned after inaction on America and the U.N.'s part, declaring that the "illusion of arms control is more dangerous than no arms control at all."

Considered a hero by some, a maverick by others, and a spy by the Iraqi government, Ritter has a reputation for speaking passionately from the lectern, and has garnered international headlines and notoriety for his outspoken criticism of his own country.

"He does seem to be a person who speaks from a place of passion," Dean said.

Ritter's visit is part of the *Armed with Understanding* lecture series on campus, which is continuing for its second year. The role of the series is to facilitate discussion over contentious global issues, said organizer Jude Coates. "We're just not having enough dialogue on the issue," she said. "It'll be really useful for all of us."

University Centre auditorium 7:30 p.m., Thursday, Oct. 3



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Scott Ritter, former UN arms inspector and outspoken critic of U.S. foreign policy, will visit UVic on Oct 3.

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Marijuana debate continues to burn in Ottawa

by Adam Grachnik

OTTAWA (CUP) -- Canadian adults may soon be legally entitled to "blaze," "smoke up" or "hit up the phat chronic" if a report tabled by the Canadian Senate is accepted and passed into law.

The report released by the Senate Special Committee on Illegal Drugs calls for the legalization of marijuana.

"Judges, lawyers, college students [and] brain surgeons: everyone smokes marijuana," said Senator and committee member Tommy Banks. "Putting someone in jail for simply having a joint in their pocket is wrong."

The report has triggered intense debate and staunch criticism from many MPs.

"It's plain absurd," said Randy White, Canadian Alliance MP and vice-president of the House of Commons committee on the non-medical use of drugs. "Two of the 11 findings were irresponsible. It's a quantum leap from where we are today. We would be the only country to do this ... and that should tell you something."

The 600-page report concludes that, "only behaviour causing demonstrable harm to others should be prohibited: illegal trafficking, selling to young people under the age of 16 and impaired driving."

"Penalties for trafficking should skyrocket," Banks said. "[You should] be put in jail and throw away the key."

The report also recommends amnesty for "any person convicted of possession of cannabis under current or past legislation."

"Why was marijuana ever criminalized?" asked Banks, about the 1923 Opium and Drug act, which criminalized cannabis.

"In retrospect there was no rational reason for criminalizing it in the first place," he added, admitting to having smoked marijuana once, at a jazz concert in 1957.

White feels the committee is condoning the use of marijuana.

"While we spend hundreds of millions of dollars saying not to smoke, here is a committee saying outright, it's okay to smoke marijuana," he said.

Banks vehemently disagrees with this position.

"Nobody is encouraging use [of] drugs," he said. "Drugs are bad and don't do you any good. [But] putting morality aside, prohibition doesn't work."

"You're living in some other place if you think prohibition laws are keeping drugs away," he said.

The Marijuana Party, whose mandate is to demonstrate the social advantages of ending cannabis prohibition, welcomes the news.

"I'm happy," said Marc-Boris St-Maurice, leader of the Marijuana Party. "[I'm] impressed with how far they [Senate Committee] went. They used explicit, strong words."

"Senators have given the marijuana party our platform for the next election," St-Maurice added.

The report recommends the government set up prevention programs and "adopt an integrated policy on the risks and harmful effects of psychoactive substances."

It also recommends that the Marijuana Medical Access regulations be changed.

"Present medicinal marijuana provisions are not effective and must be revised to provide greater access for those in need," the report observed.

Banks, who supports marijuana use for medicinal purposes, is optimistic about seeing the report become a reality.

"This has to be dealt with at all orders of government. It can be done with only one order," he said, adding that marijuana should be controlled by the provinces.

"Fairly soon we'll see decriminalization," he said.

White, on the other hand, believes we'll never see marijuana legalized. "It's not going to happen," he said.

Midwifery reborn

by Elietha Bocskei

VANCOUVER (CUP) -- Traditional misconceptions surrounding the practice of midwifery are being challenged at the University of British Columbia this fall with the launch of a new program in the faculty of medicine.

Program Director and Professor Elaine Carty is pleased with the new program.

"I think that it's important for the profession that there be an educational program in a research-intensive university with other health science programs," she said.

The four-year program is intense, combining both classroom instruction and clinical work and leading to a bachelor degree of midwifery.

The practice of midwifery combines medical care with emotional, social and spiritual support for the mother throughout pregnancy, labour, birth and up until the early weeks of the child's life.

Alison Rice is a professor of nursing at the university as well as a practicing midwife. She has been involved in the fight for the legalization of midwifery in B.C. for many years.

"Midwives tend to take value in the labour process and what that does for women," said Rice, "whereas many physicians ... have much more of an interest in predictability and controlling the labour process."

Carty became involved in midwifery because it was an opportunity to be with women through pregnancy, labour and birth in a way that physicians weren't at that time, she said.

Midwifery is now a respected, publicly funded profession in B.C. and four other provinces across Canada. In B.C., all midwives operate under strict regulations set by the College of Midwives of British Columbia.

Prior to Jan. 1998, midwifery was an illegal profession in B.C. Rice said the women's health and feminist movements of the 1970s helped move the legalization of midwifery forward because women wanted more control over their bodies.

Rice pointed out that there are still many misconceptions about the role of midwives that have been formed through media association with unregulated home births.

"There is work to be done in educating the public [about the role of midwives]," said Rice. "Women and their partners see midwives as an alternative to medicine, which we are—but we also have considerable medical training and skills. It's the philosophy that's different."

While the integration of midwifery into the health care system in Vancouver has been smooth, rural communities still face problems, said Carty. In the future, however, she anticipates a partnership between midwife and physician in these small communities.

Carty emphasized the connections between medical students and midwives are very strong.

"We're also working with the departments of family practice and departments of obstetrics and gynecology to look at ways that the midwifery and medical students can have learning experiences together."

Carty feels it's important to emphasize interdisciplinary efforts, so they can serve the health care system in teams. "It's an exciting time to be able to experiment with these things. I think it's important that there's a willingness on all parts to do that."

Currently there are no men in the program because none applied, said Carty. She said there are men in midwifery programs in the United States and Europe, and hopes as people learn more about the midwifery program at the university, men will apply.

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The Fall 2002 semester refund period will be held **October 7--18, 2002**. Refund forms can be picked up at the VIPIRG offices in SUB B120-122. info: 472-4558.

No housing, no peace

Bearing witness to fight for affordable housing in Vancouver

by Nicole Lindsay

Woodwards Squat, Vancouver, B.C.
Thursday, Sept. 19, 2002

At the corner of Abbott and Hastings, the road is blocked by police cars and motorcycles. Behind them, a huge, dilapidated red brick building is festooned with banners. A crowd fills the street below. They are waving placards, cheering, craning their heads back to watch someone standing on an awning shout through a megaphone.

The speakers take turns: they call for social justice, government responsibility, homes for all. They stand below a banner that announces "Woodwards is not for sale" in bold capital letters.

This building stood empty for close to 10 years, an ironic icon of the promise for social housing for those who slept under its awnings or in the alleyways behind it. Since the Woodwards department store closed in 1993, the enormous building has been the center of a desperate struggle for social housing in Vancouver's east side, a need that is glaringly obvious in the mattresses and tents now lining the building.

I am moved by the scene in front of me: people lean out of open windows on the second and third floors, and more enter in a steady stream up the ladders from sidewalk to awning to the second story window serving as front door to the building. Anyone and everyone has been invited up. A man on the awning holds a sign, arrow pointing to the building. "Open House," it reads.

There must be 200 people here, but even so, the space seems vast – a wide open floor stretching away into darkness.

Inside, the mood is festive: a circle of drummers, someone playing a flute, clusters of mattresses and blankets lining the brick walls below the windows, people lying down or standing in groups, talking. This is a strange community, but beautiful. Punks, political activists, homeless and hungry, young and old, talking social change, justice, looking for shelter, peace, another blanket, cigarettes, for some sense of the good and right.

I am overwhelmed with it, utterly humbled.

Later, I will hear about how this all began, how, after years of fighting for social housing with first the NDP and then the Liberal governments, a group of street community members and advocates received word that the Woodwards building was up for sale and was being considered by a private developer.

Feeling that enough was enough, they held a rally at Victory Square followed by a march to Woodwards, where they opened and entered the building. Many of them had no other home – they brought their few belongings and settled in, inviting others to join them. And people came. Over the week that followed, hundreds arrived, some simply curious, some in need of a safe place to stay for the night, others desperate for a home.

Slowly, a meeting begins to form where the drummers had been. It lasts for over three hours. The topic: what to do next. They've been served an injunction, warned that the police could enter the building and arrest them at any time. Today's rally has had an effect, however – now that there are more people both inside and outside the building, people think the police will hold off. Someone raises the question of commitment, suggests that anyone not willing to defend the squat to the last should leave now. The group responds with a round of loud no's. No one will be forced to do anything.

Strategies are discussed, committees formed. Those appointed to the media committee withdraw to write up a press release calling for a media conference tomorrow afternoon. The meeting continues without them – there are too many items on the list to stop.

What I want is to find the media committee – I'm a writer, maybe I could help. In the end, they find me. Someone hands me a diskette, asks me to run it up the street to the Vancouver Indymedia office. It's the press release.

"Post this everywhere," he tells me. I promise. I run. I post. I begin to write.

Friday, Sept. 20, 2002

The main floor of the Woodwards building is full of guards, undercover and uniformed police. Yesterday, people found doors barricaded that had been unobstructed only hours before.

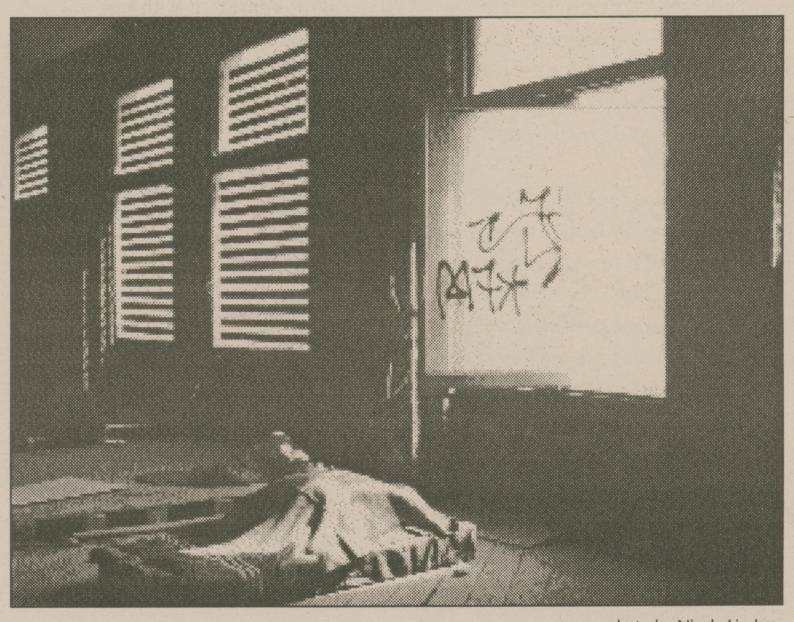

photo by Nicole Lindsay

Light seeps into the abandoned Woodwards building, occupied by squatters.

Police were there, and they were listening.

This morning, the squatters inside the building are nervous. Many of them haven't slept in days – they've been too busy discussing, planning, organizing.

The building is bustling now, as people prepare for the conference. Last night at 11 p.m., a contractor named Julian showed up with an offer of tools and expertise. He had heard renovations were to begin. This morning he brought his tools and began work. So far they've built a safety railing for the awning, steps for the window entrance, and a partial wall. The sounds of hammers and saws echo in the empty space. People talk over the noise, or sleep through it.

Most of the press refuse to climb the ladder into the building, so the conference is held outside. Most of the original squatters speak, their passionate and eloquent voices belying ragged appearances.

They know what they are about. People are dying on the streets.

The money, the space is right there, behind them. The political will is not. Chrystal, one of the squatters, breaks into tears as she talks about the community here as the only family she's got. She is 24 years old, six-months pregnant, and homeless.

Saturday, Sept. 21, 2002

One a.m. The moon only a sliver away from full. It still feels like Friday night. Across the street, two vans are parked, and we learn that they are from BCTV. They received a tip that the police are going to raid the squat at dawn. They admit that they don't think it will happen tonight. "Too many people around," one of the reporters comments.

At six, a woman rides by on a bicycle. "They're in the parkade," she hisses and points behind the building across Cordova Street. "A bunch of paddywagons and cop cars. They're coming for you." I look across the street, and the BCTV reporters are already on their way over, cameras at the ready.

Someone comes out onto the awning again. "We can hear them – they're coming in." After that, everything happens at once: a stream of people down the ladder, almost immediately a fleet of cops on bicycles followed by squad cars, motorcycles and paddywagons.

Three people leaving the building are pulled down from the ladder, handcuffed and arrested.

Police form a barricade with their bicycles, push everyone off the sidewalk, pull down the ladders. I run down the block towards the back of the building – no one is sure where those arrested inside will be taken. Halfway down the block I hear a rhythmic pounding from inside: riot police breaking through the barricades set up by squatters.

The noise is eerily loud.

Then the chanting begins – "Social housing now! We are not afraid!" – over and over again, drowning out the sirens and shouts from outside.

From the end of the block, I can still hear the chanting, and I look back at the paddywagons just pulling away from the intersection, and the crowd of people looking on in shock and dismay.

The chanting inside grows louder, and I can imagine them sitting together as planned, arms linked in a circle, eyes shut and screaming for everything they're worth. To many of them, this is everything they're worth – this building, the hope it represents is all they have left.

Behind me, the sky is slowly lightening as earth tilts towards dawn and I know without a doubt, this thing is just beginning.

Post Script

Fifty-eight people were arrested at the Woodwards building early in the morning on Saturday, Sept. 21. Most were released later the same day after signing a conditional release, and most went back to the street outside the building.

On Sunday evening, police blocked off the area around Hastings and Abbott, dispersing the homeless still gathered there, arresting those who did not leave quickly enough, and disposing of all mattresses, tents, personal and donated items in garbage trucks. All posters were removed and the area was hosed down.

On Monday morning, protesters returned. And, at the time of this writing, they are setting up and starting again.

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STAYING CONNECTED
University of Victoria
Native Student Union
announces its
Annual General Meeting
on October 7th, 2002.
NSU invites members to attend the AGM from 12:00-3:00 pm on Monday, October 7 in the Student Union Building room B028. NSU membership is open to self-identified Aboriginal undergrad, graduate and alumni students at the University of Victoria. NSU's definition of self-identified Aboriginal includes Status, Non-Status, Métis and Inuit.
The agenda includes 2002-2003 budget, elections for NSU Council, and preparations for upcoming events for the year.
For more information contact Wil George at the NSU office by phone at 472-4394 or by e-mail at nsu@uvic.ca or drop by the office in SUB B023.

Editorial

Down, Caesar

The Martlet would like to congratulate Chancellor Gerhard Shröder's Social Democrats (SDP) and their coalition partners, Bündnis 90/Die Grünen (The Greens) on their victory in Sunday's general election in Germany.

We had noted with approval two weeks ago – on the twenty-ninth anniversary of General Augusto Pinochet's US-backed coup against the democratically elected government of Salvador Allende in Chile, September 11, 1973 – that cracks were beginning to appear in the War On Terrorism's coalition.

These cracks were most prominent in Germany, where the Chancellor's faltering election campaign had resuscitated itself on the back of a strong anti-war position. The SPD and the Greens have translated that into a Calista Flockhart-thin majority in the Bundestag. To win an election on a pacifist platform in a national arena is a healthy sign of the sense of both voters and politicians. We hope that the Canadian Prime Minister reads the tea leaves – or in this case, dem Kaffeesatz lesen – from the German experience and pushes his government's foreign policy in a similar direction.

Most citizens of the world are steadfastly, indeed militantly, opposed to any expansion of the War on Terrorism to Iraq and, for once, with the exception of Tony Blair and George W. Bush, national leaders are paying attention to their subjects. Most governments have expressed a deep unease about a new Middle Eastern front in the War.

The Canadian government, unfortunately and as ever, seems to be waffling between the sensible European view and the stance of the Fratboys to the South. Yet a strong anti-war position would be an extraordinarly popular attitude for the Prime Minister to take.

We say this not because we think leaders should only take positions that are popular, but rather because Jean Chretien governs according to poll and not to principle. And if that's what it takes to have the PM oppose the war – rather than the more noble reason that in war, people tend to get dead – then so be it.

We are not so hopelessly idealistic that we expect the Prime Minister to do the right thing for the right reasons. If he does the right thing for base and crass electoral reasons, we can live with that.

We are in this way willing to be morally flexible because such an expansion of the War, as well as the imperialist Bush Doctrine – presented to the US Congress last week – are the most terrifyingly internationally destabilising pair of events since a short Austrian vegetarian annexed the Sudetenland and invaded Poland.

If Junior Bush invades Iraq in the next few weeks, then Iraq will most likely launch Scud missiles at Israel. Pressured by Bush Sr. in order to hold together the Arab Coalition, Israel did not retaliate against Iraqi-launched missiles during the first Gulf War. Ariel Sharon at the time bitterly opposed the decision, arguing it made Israel look weak. Sharon, of course, is now Prime Minister of Israel, and according to Sunday's *New York Times*, Sharon has indeed made US officials aware of his intentions to fire back should Saddam Hussein repeat his actions of 1991.

In such a situation, it will be very difficult for many Arab countries then to not attack Israel in defence of Iraq. If they do not, they will be overthrown and replaced with regimes who will. It is worth remembering that two thirds of Saudi Arabia's population is under nineteen, and many are sympathetic to views similar to those of Osama Bin Laden. Furthermore, whether or not Hussein launches Scuds at Israel, Iran is quite likely to join its former enemy against the United States, designated as it is as a comrade in arms of Iraq in the Axis of Evil. Within a short period of time, there could very well be a Middle East-wide conflagration. Israel does not have the numbers to sustain a war any longer than a few weeks. It would very swiftly employ its arsenal of nuclear weapons – exactly what the United States says it is trying to prevent.

Moreover, according to York Professor of Political Science James Laxer, arguing his point in the *Globe and Mail*, the Bush Doctrine aims to create a world in which the US enjoys permanent military dominance over all countries – allies and foes alike. If the Left had been depicted as premature in its description of the United States as imperialist, it certainly can no longer be with any justice.

The Bush Doctrine is nothing less than the establishment of a new Global Roman Empire, with the Bush Dynasty in place of that of the Caesars. Containment and deterrence – the preferred activity of the Truman Doctrine, formulated at the start of the Cold war – have been junked, replaced with pre-emptive military action to prevent any other nation from "pursuing a military buildup in hopes of surpassing or equaling the power of the United States." However, as well we know, containment and deterrence already used an awful lot of pre-emptive military action in such considerable threats to US power as Nicaragua, Vietnam and Iran – to name far too few examples.

Now that such actions are doctrinally legitimate, how much farther will Caesar go?

The United States government is not the one to save the Iraqi people. You cannot trust the Devil to clean up Hell. Let Schröder be the example and let Chrétien follow it.

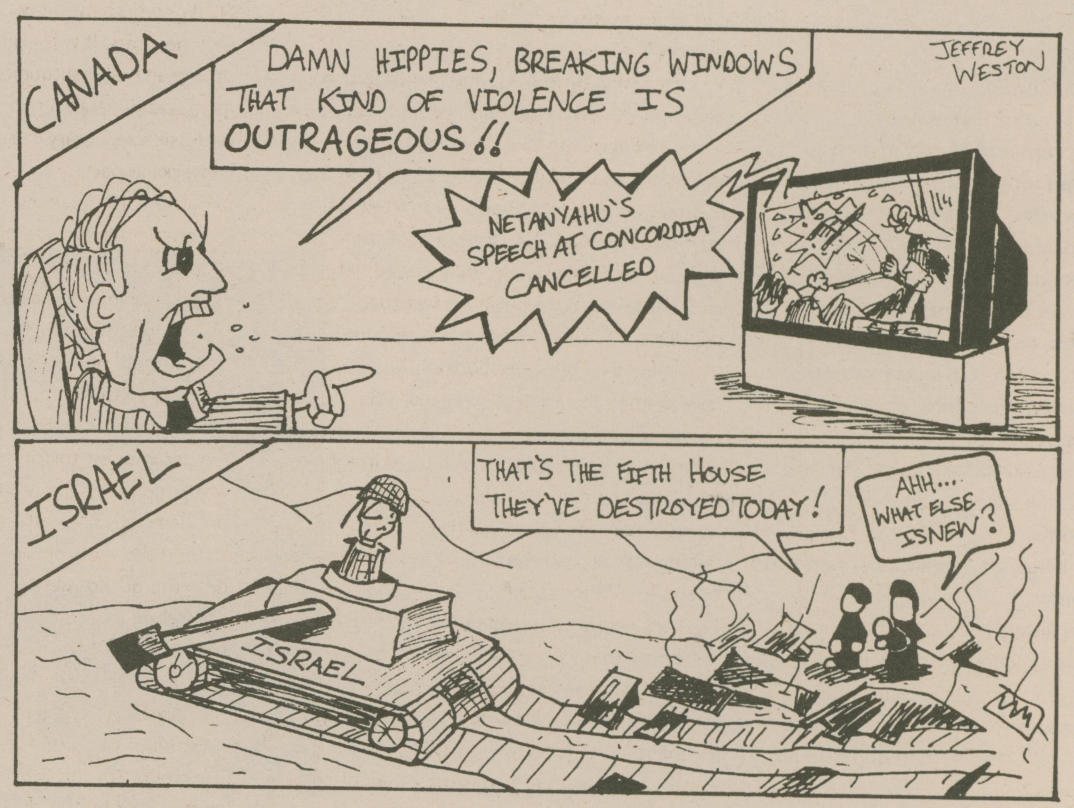
Editorial topics are decided on by staff at editorial meetings. Editorials are written by one or more staff members, and are not necessarily the opinion of all staff members.

Don't like what you read?

Write us, or write *for* us: martlet@uvic.ca

Westoon

by Jeffrey Weston



Student Voice

Kummoniwannalaya revisited

by Jason Tarnow

In my three years studying at UVic I have learned so much.

When I graduate this year I will reflect upon my time spent at UVic as positively memorable. I am leaving with a degree, I've made many friends that will last a lifetime, and knowing that I was one of three individuals to throw possibly the best back-to-school bashes this university has ever seen makes me feel like I was a part of something that had nothing but good intentions.

However, in leaving UVic, I will also take with me the knowledge that it is next to impossible to please everybody on this campus. Someone always has to bitch, make their voice known, show that they are different in one way or another, no matter who they roll over.

One day in July, out at Thetis Lake, Tyler Williams, Tom Griggs, and I, Jason Tarnow, decided that September was approaching, and that meant the back-to-school rush. It was to be my fifth year in post-secondary education, and we all agreed that we wanted to make this year different - not just for us three, but for everyone on campus.

We collaborated on ideas and sacrificed our time for four weeks in order to help bring back some sort of school spirit, something UVic lacks in many ways.

We started with the SUB.

We drafted a proposal that they were extremely impressed with. Immediately we got the green light.

They saw how we wanted to rekindle a lost spark on the campus, but in retrospect, I can see that they had dollar signs in their eyes.

Think about it: three energetic students drawing hundreds of customers to their depleting venues. The only time that Felicita's seriously gets going is when our buddy Jonny rocks out on a Wednesday night.

As for Vertigo, wow, what a disgrace to the university. They don't even have a sound system in there anymore!

We set that whole room up for that one night. Brought in djs, visuals, and an enormous sound system. Cleverly, at least four bars were set up in Vertigo by the Felicita's staffers.

That must have been a cash cow! Did we even get a thank you for our time and effort?

No, all we got is shit.

Tyler being suspended is complete bullshit. For the UVSS and Felicita's to turn their backs on him is a disgrace. They should be embarrased. Maybe driving a jeep around the fountain to do promotions was a little over-ambitious, but who did it harm?

As for the megaphones, I was using one constantly for that first week of school and took extreme caution not to offend anyone.

Who did this party harm after it was all said and done? Because there were free condoms and alcohol being served doesn't mean that someone was going to get raped.

Go to a club downtown on any given night, drink your face off, go to the pisser and put a quarter in the condom machine and you are left with the same situation.

At the UVSS board meeting, I guess they didn't put two and two together until people complained. We wanted to bring the partiers to UVic, deter them from downtown, and the SUB was 100 per cent down with us.

We were on the radio for two weeks. We involved about 50 local companies to do promotions which put them on the map to many students unfamiliar with Victoria.

We made the SUB shit-loads of money.

All in an attempt to bring the ruckus back to campus, to give back-to-school a new dimension on our campus.

And you know what? For that first week up until 'the night,' I think we accomplished things that we never thought we would do.

We had people lined up for tix *three hours* before the doors even opened.

Let's see Felicita's do that again.

I'll tell you one thing, it'll have to be without us, the Three Morons.

If you think we want back in with you guys to do another event, think again.

Good luck, SUB, you're sure going to need it!

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Your day just got a whole lot better.

[2002/2003]
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letters: *the Martlet* has an open letters policy and will endeavour to print every letter received from the university community, with priority given to undergraduate students. Letters must be typewritten, submitted on disk or by e-mail and include your name and student number for verification. Letters must be 200 words maximum. Deadline for letters is noon on the Friday before publication date. Letters will be prioritized by order received. Letters with pseudonyms or group names will not be printed.

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Opinion

Paying a fair price: The case for higher student fees

by Quinn Newcomb

Marches, protests, camp-outs, and feature articles written by people like Leigh Phillips (Sept. 12, *the Martlet*) have been at the forefront of the tuition-increase debate. Groups like the UVSS and the CFS argue forcefully for a continued tuition freeze and want the public to hear only the voice of protesters. (Perhaps you've noticed the slightly biased nature of this year's handbook cover? Or the fact that UVic President David Turpin's message was left out because it didn't reflect the UVSS' position?).

There is – believe it or not – another side to the story.

It is probably not surprising that the current provincial government has blamed students' difficulties in completing programs in a timely manner, or accessing campus resources and services, on the six-year tuition freeze.

But, it may surprise you to hear that students from all over this province – yes, regular university students – spontaneously wrote in to local MLAs, papers, and universities demanding fee increases and blaming institutional problems on the former NDP government's program to hold down student costs. The problem with holding down student costs, especially when other funding is cut, is that it results in decreased student access, increased waiting lists, and reduced course availability.

People who blame Gordon Campbell and the current provincial government for these problems are pointing their fingers in the wrong direction.

The story begins in the 1990s, when transfer payments from the federal government for post-secondary education declined for several years, culminating in increased post-secondary education costs to the provinces of $7 billion since 1993. While the provinces were being forced to cope with the post-secondary cuts, significant federal cuts were being made to transfers to other major social programs: health care and social assistance.

Most provinces reacted to this new funding need by allowing universities to increase tuition rates; the NDP government here in B.C. froze tuition rates for six long years. It was during this period that spending on research at institutions, burgeoning class sizes, increased difficulties recruiting and retaining qualified professionals, library retrenchment and service cutbacks impacted B.C. universities as the obvious negative consequences. Furthermore, students began to complain they were having difficulty completing programs in a timely manner because of reduced classes and longer waitlists.

The freeze also hurt universities in two other ways. First, despite promises by the NDP government, post-secondary institutions were never fully compensated for the revenue that would have come in from regular, modest tuition fee increases. From this, it wasn't so much the tuition freeze that caused the problem, but rather the complete failure of the NDP to fund the costs of the freeze. Second, at the same time the government short-changed institutions on the freeze, it required the creation of more student spaces without the funding necessary to do so.

Thus, thanks to the NDP government, B.C. universities were caught in a bind where their revenues were curtailed and their expenses were forced up. For this reason, while students were being encouraged by the UVSS and the CFS to think that the six-year tuition freeze and the five per cent reduction announced by the NDP before the last election was helping students access post-secondary education, universities' inability to fund programs actually meant that fewer students were being admitted or being funded, and that the quality of education for those who did manage to get in was declining rapidly.

By the end of the 1990s, B.C. had the lowest percentage of young people enrolled full time in universities or colleges of all Canadian provinces: in 1999, universities estimated that the system was short about 24,000 spaces and the funding that went with those spaces. This meant that B.C. youth had fewer opportunities than their counterparts in other provinces to the education and training so essential for the cultural and economic development of themselves and the province.

Protesters argue that increased tuition fees will prevent many people from pursuing post-secondary education. But, as has been noted, it was the lack of available spaces during the tuition freeze that prevented so many students from entering university. Furthermore, as tuition rates increase, funding for financial aid also increases, ensuring that those who have the qualifications, but not the funds, for a post-secondary education will not be left behind. When UVic increased full-time undergraduate tuition by $644 per year, they also provided $2.5 million more in student financial assistance such as bursaries, scholarships, workstudy positions and graduate assistantships. As a result, there are now more workstudy positions then ever before, and the number of students receiving various forms of financial assistance increased by about 45 per cent.

Many protesters argue that the Government of Canada, like some countries such as Germany, ought to provide free tuition. However, what is easily forgotten is that tax rates in Canada are already extremely high compared with other countries due to our unique health care system and strong social programs. In order for Canada to have a quality, free post-secondary education system open to all citizens while maintaining necessary levels of funding for health care and other programs, the government would have to increase tax levels to obscene amounts that would kill many industries already struggling to survive in a competitive global marketplace.

Leigh Phillips was right about one thing in her article: it is likely that the province will see more of the type of destructive militant action that we saw when Premier Campbell's office and UBC President Martha Piper's office were occupied this spring by students.

The next time you look at the cover of your handbook, or wonder what UVic President David Turpin would have said in his annual message, ask yourself if this is how you want to be represented; ask yourself if your representatives are truly acting in your best interest.

Letters. We get lots and lots of letters.

Vanessa's a keener

Alright, already. Enough complaining!

I will write to you, and if you feel the need to fill your pages with my sometimes mindless rubble so be it! If there's one thing I can't stand its whining. Well this is my first year at UVic, and I have no clue how your paper works. It'd be nice, you know, if you maybe had a small section saying what we're supposed to do. Write articles and send them to you, with the hopes of having them published? Or visit your offices?

I have all kinds of things I would like to write for the paper. My own views on things, on being a student at UVic from the US, and what a culture shock its been for me. There are some views out there that aren't being covered in your paper! Somebody let me know what to do!? Thanks.

Vanessa Connolly

Dear Vanessa

Writing for *the Martlet* is as easy as strolling into B011 in the Student Union Building (or "SUB") and expressing interest.

Well, that is the first step. The second step – actually writing something – can prove more of a challenge.

But getting the go-ahead to do a story is easy – almost disturbingly so. We will seemingly give the green light to almost any idea, so long as it does not violate the paper's mandate. We will also help you with story ideas. You may suggest (or "pitch") an idea of your own. If you don't have an idea, we will supply one for you. Guaranteed. Do not pay until 2004 (OAC).

You are invited to come into the office and speak with me, Editor-in-Chief Robin Platts, or one of the newly hired and incredibly gifted section editors (news, sports, opinions, arts and so forth – these youngsters have all the bases covered!).

You may attend the weekly *Martlet* editorial meetings (Mondays at noon) and paper critiques (Thursdays at 1 p.m.). These take place in *the Martlet* office. Except when they do not. But, rest assured, there will be a sign.

Perhaps you don't want to write, but have an idea for a story that you think someone else should write. That is good.

Bring in your ideas or e-mail them to martlet@uvic.ca. Leave anonymous phone tips (721-8360). Phone when you are drunk.

Visit when you are drunk, but not if you are a "violent drunk." We will not fight you, no sir.

Leap into the office and shout "I wanna go ballistic! Now!" The *Ballistic* contest is over, but the staff still enjoy it.

We are easily distracted by loud noises and bright, shiny objects. Yet we are not crows. You will not find us proudly hopping around parking lots with discarded O-Henry wrappers in our beaks.

UVic would be a lesser place without *the Martlet* and its "Deal-a-meal" program (I lost 40 lbs. in three days – ask me how!).

Visit us and get involved.

Robin Platts

Don't blame Uncle Sam

Re: Editorial Sept. 5, 2002.

Critics of the US "War on Terror," *the Martlet* included, seem to be of the opinion that US foreign policy is the sole reason the WTC bombings happened last year, and that the US has been going around on a moral tirade trying to make the world more American.

That suggests that the US basically created Osama Bin Laden and that, moreover, the Americans got what they deserved. This is, I fear, a gross over-simplification. Yes, the US did supply bin Laden and the Mujahedeen with weapons to fight the Soviets, but there is a subtle difference between that and creating him.

The sad fact is that fanatics like Bin Laden simply exist and will always be around.

No war on terrorism will fix that; fanaticism is an element of our society. It is true that US foreign policy gave Bin Laden a target and something to hate, but it is completely untrue that the US can be blamed for him being around.

John Lindner

Just do it

The Martlet wants letters...

I'm sitting with my good friend Cuppa Coffee, trying to think of something to complain about. But, unfortunately, my life is pretty good. Everyone reading this has a pretty good life, too. Sure there's stress. School, job, money, kids, family.

Stop before you start feeling too sorry for yourself though, because every one of you (no matter how hard –done-by you think you are) is leaps and bounds ahead of most others on this planet.

There's food and money floating around - you may not have much of either, but it's out there to be had. You're reading. You're attending university - university! You're wearing clothing, you have a place to live, your government isn't going to arrest and torture you. And 9/11-caliber disasters are not something you live with every day.

You are fortunate.

Take your good fortune and use it to help others. Check out the Amnesty International page (www.mertonai.org/amina/) and see what you can do to help Amina Lawal.

In 2004 she's going to be buried up to her neck and men are going to throw rocks at her head until she's dead.

Her crime? Officially, having a child out of wedlock. In reality, being a woman.

Help her.

Join Save the Children, Christian Children's Fund or another worth charity. Less than the price of a cup of coffee! Sounds sappy, but it's true. Children are starving to death right now and you can help stop it. Do so.

Volunteer at a homeless shelter, old folks' home, whatever. Your life won't seem quite so tough once you've rubbed shoulders with the truly downtrodden.

Go out, do good.

It's worth it.

H. E. Wormald

Stuffing 'em in wherever the

Story by Jeff Andrew
Photos by Steve Hall

Have you ever had Devil's Club thorns in your balls?

Have you ever strapped 40 lbs. of dirt to your back, pushed yourself over fallen logs on the side of a mountain, and fought clouds of mosquitoes so thick you could barely breathe? Have you ever woken up shivering in a tent at 5 a.m., forced your cracked and blistered feet into a pair of chainsaw boots, and worked until your hands bled dirt?

Probably not. Then again, maybe you have. If you're a tree planter, that is.

There are thousands of tree planters in Canada. They are mostly young men and women, living ordinary year-round lives, working in cities or going to school. On the surface, they seem just like everybody else.

There is, however, one crucial difference: every summer, these people migrate to the backwoods of Canada to plant trees where logging companies have stripped the forest bare. They sleep in tents, and live in makeshift camps set up along dusty logging roads. The work is hard, the hours are long, and the job is one of the toughest in the world.

It's definitely not for everyone. An average day for a planter means walking 16-18 km, bending over about 3000 times, and carrying a cumulative daily load of over 2,200 lbs. It means working in sun-baked clear-cuts and bug-infested forests, in all kinds of weather, and in all kinds of pain. Blisters, buried thorns and repetitive-stress injuries are common, and the sweet relief of a doctor's office or a bar is rarely an option.

That's why in many cases, seeing a clean, healthy-looking planter in their city clothes can be deceptive. With nothing to distinguish them from the next hardy soul pounding pints at the pub, the force that drives them to strap on the bags and work themselves ragged every summer isn't always clear. It can be hard to see the insanity lurking just beneath the surface.

But it's there.

I know this because I've felt it. And believe me, it's strong. This summer it dragged me from a comfortable home in Ottawa, threw me on a plane to Prince George, and left me stranded at the end of a desolate logging road with nothing but a shovel and a pair of boots to my name.

Talking on the phone with my foreman before I left, it had seemed like a good idea: head out west to try my hand at planting, make some quick money and have the rest of the summer to bum around British Columbia. I didn't realize until I got there just how hard it was going to be.

Why did I do it? We'll get to that. But before we start, I should tell you the first three things I learned about planting:

1) It hurts to plant trees.

2) If God created mosquitoes, thorny plants and stinging nettles, then God's a mean old bastard.

3) In the bush, Lucky Beer is your best friend.

At first it sounds easy, or at least reasonably simple. You work hard, put as many trees in the ground as you possibly can, and finish the season with money to burn. Since it only takes about five seconds to plant each tree, doing 2000 to 3000 trees each day shouldn't be a problem. With wages in B.C. averaging 10-20 cents per tree, a hardworking planter should easily be able to clear $300 a day, in theory.

Of course, until you've done it, you won't realize how much sweat and hard work it takes to earn that big money. For starters, the job comes with a steep learning curve. As a rookie, you have to learn to plant trees properly (standing straight up, not too deep nor shallow), and to plant exactly the right number in a given area.

This is harder than it sounds. It can take a while to get the hang of planting good trees, and when you get into rougher terrain, it feels like you're starting all over again. Learning to plant quickly and consistently (and therefore profitably) can take a whole summer, so your first season is basically an investment in the ones that will follow.

Then there's the misery factor.

You see, tree planting is a horrible way to make money. You work outside in pouring rain, sub-zero cold and scorching desert heat. Your hands are torn apart by blisters, and your body gets dehydrated and sick.

And when the bugs do come out, you find yourself with two options:

1) Be eaten alive by mosquitoes and black flies.

2) Soak yourself from head-to-toe in Deet, which is a highly toxic bug repellent that can actually eat through certain types of plastic. It's also the only thing that works.

As you can guess, most planters choose the latter.

This is why most people who meet tree planters in the summertime think they're crazy. At least the locals at the Prince George Hotel (a skid-row dive we stayed at because it was cheap, and because no one cared if you passed out in the hallway) and the 5th Ave. Pub certainly thought so. Every day off we'd show up filthy and unshaven, stinking of sweat and plastic-melting bug spray and half-drunk from pounding back Lucky on the way into town. We'd take over their bar, party all night, and then disappear the next day, sometimes in worse shape than we arrived in.

If they thought we were crazy, they were right. You have to be to want to do this job.

Give a man a tree and he will swing from it. forests might grow.

And yet people still do it. More than that, they get hooked on it. You'll hear planters swear year after year that they're through, they're out, only to show up again at the start of the next season with a grin on their face and a shovel in their hand. It's because, in spite of all the pain and suffering, planting is a wicked experience. The people you meet are incredible, and you learn all kinds of new things about yourself.

I learned that I could drive a standard transmission truck towing a big trailer up and down a shitty logging road, despite having never touched a stick shift in my life. This

Exhaustion. Fatigue. Just plain bloody knackered: it *hurts* to plant trees.

Trevor Paul. A man barely alive. We can rebuild him. We

ey fit...

ve a man a sapling and from it whole

was when we had to move campsites to make the next contract, and there was no one else around with a driver's license.

Another thing you'll pick up is some new vocabulary. Like any job, tree planting comes with its own unique vernacular, developed over time from commonly used words and phrases.

For instance, the word "cream" is used to describe an easy-to-plant, well-paying piece of land. This may or may not have been derived from the phrase, "Land so good it'll make you cream your pants."

You may also hear talk of "slutty planting." This refers to someone who has gone too fast and planted a lot of trees quickly but with no attention to quality. In other words, "Stuffing them in wherever they'll fit."

To say that you are "creaming someone out" means that you are stealing someone else's choice land, and since creamy land is often found up by the roadside, a planter might be heard to exclaim, "Fuck! Which one of you dirty sluts creamed me out by the roadside?"

And so on and so forth.

Then there are the planters themselves. The job has a natural process for filtering out flakes: most people are horrified by the very idea of it. Even some who do decide to try it turn and run once they realize what they've gotten into. Take my crew: we started the season in May with 17 people, and by the middle of June more than a third of them had gone home.

have the technology.

However, the ones who do stick around are some of the coolest, toughest people you'll ever meet. Planting is an intense experience, and the bonds that form between people on a crew are part of what make it so. The daily life of a planter is a grueling, exhausting grind (up around 5 a.m., eat breakfast, load trees into the truck, drive to the block, plant for 10-12 hours, drive back, eat dinner, sleep, do it again the next day...).

Sometimes the only thing keeping you going on those endless days is knowing that everyone else is experiencing the same thing.

That and fantasizing about eating dinner.

It isn't just the exhaustion, though. And it isn't the bugs, or the weather, or the pain that drives people away. No, the thing that breaks planters, leaving otherwise strong people huddled on tree stumps crying and wishing for it to end, is the mental strain. It's the weight of having to push yourself through all of that shit everyday, knowing that tomorrow isn't going to be any easier. It drains you in a way that's hard to understand until you've experienced it.

But hey, whatever doesn't kill you....

To put it plainly, my first season of tree planting was a beeotch! Definitely the hardest thing I've ever done, and many times I came back from a bad day feeling utterly defeated, wondering how much longer I'd last.

But I did it, and the truth is I can't wait to go back next summer.

In the two months after I finished planting, I crossed the country twice. Starting in the Kootenays, I travelled all the way to the Ottawa Valley, then worked my way back through the forests and flatlands and over the mountains, all the way to the Pacific.

> "Inside the body of every tree planter beats the heart of a warrior"

Except this time I didn't fly. I hitchhiked. And believe me when I say, the Trans-Canada can be a cruel mistress. I got sunburnt in the Okanagan Valley, robbed outside of Ottawa, almost starved more than once, and said goodbye to a girl I loved in Winnipeg.

Despite all that, or maybe because of it, it was an incredible trip. But a year ago, it would have been unthinkable for me to just stick out my thumb on the side of the road letting chance take me where it would. I had dreamt about it, but never had the nerve to actually do it.

After surviving my rookie season of tree planting, it was easy. I was on my own time again, and as long as I didn't have to pick up a shovel, I was happy.

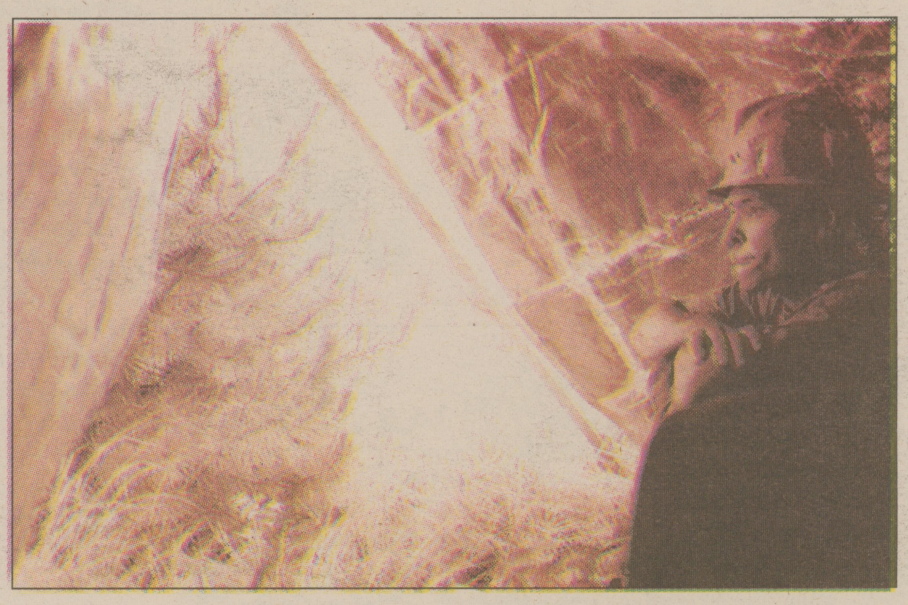
That's the cool thing about planting: it makes you appreciate all the good things in life. Hot food, cold beer and a warm bed mean a whole lot more to you when you're stuck somewhere out in the woods.

I've heard foremen say that it's amazing to watch a new planter change in their first few weeks on the job. Rookies arrive in the bush looking soft and pale from years of city life, and at first it's hard to tell who's gonna last and who isn't.

For the ones who stick with it, though, a transformation takes place. Muscles get stronger, hands become calloused, and the will to work through just about anything becomes fierce. As the body adapts to withstand the abuse, the mind learns not just to accept the pain but to actually relish the daily struggle. Before you know it, another clumsy rookie has been reborn as a hardened tree planter.

The last thing I learned was that inside the body of every planter beats the heart of a warrior. Like the trials of ancient societies where youth would test their survival skills in nature before passing into adulthood, planting is about coming of age.

For young people like me who are overcome with wanderlust, planting is a chance to prove ourselves by doing a brutal job in an unforgiving wilderness.



Gimme shelter:
It drains you in a way that's hard to understand until you've experienced it.

...it hurts to plant trees.

UVic actor moves on to bigger things at the Belfry

by Katrina Sark

After watching the play Garage Sale *at The Belfry Theatre, I met with one of the starring actors, Celine Stubel. Stubel has just completed four years of theatre school at UVic and* Garage Sale *is her first play as a graduate.*

"At UVic I was cast in parts that reflected my strengths at that time," says Stubel. "Whereas, in *Garage Sale* I was able to explore a character type that was new for me."

The role of a 17-year-old teenager appealed to Stubel because she was never really a stereotypical teenager herself. The character provided her with a great opportunity to whine, be girly, and even try to be sexy on stage.

Stubel's experience at UVic taught her a variety of skills that have been helpful in her craft. She is greatly influenced by both Jan Wood and Linda Hardy, two instructors from the UVic theatre program who have taught her to respect her individuality, to break free from the things that are limiting, and to realize her capacities. Her fellow actors in the theatre program have also influenced her learning experience.

"They were living examples of diverse personalities, and the experience made it easier to come up with an idea of who I was, by recognizing the things that I wasn't," says Stubel.

Being at the Belfry among an experienced cast, Celine was somewhat star struck. But the atmosphere was so warm and welcoming that she was soon made to feel at home. "Working with such talented people has been invaluable," she says.

"It's refreshing to be around people who are so confident in what they are doing. They worked with such ease that everything was done completely efficiently."

Garage Sale is an energetic play with characters running on and off the stage, speaking all at once, screaming, dancing, and solving issues. "It was hard not to pick up on that energy, but as long as I stayed in character I was fine. I knew that I could trust that by playing my part I would do the job I needed to do," says Stubel.

Stubel likes the play because it is easy to relate to. It represents a safe, compact life and has a main character with a mind of his own. "I like the father figure in the play because he has his own perspective on things. His character reminds me of my own dad who lives his life in a very creative way," she says.

As for the future, Stubel will be performing at the MacPherson Theater in *The Hobbit* in December, and eventually would like to work with her sisters.

photo provided

Celine Stubel, actor

"As kids we always made plays and home movies, and I feel that we were most creative and free together. I wish to bring the same sense of fun to the professional world."

When asked to offer some words of inspiration to fellow young actors, Stubel replies, "Try to maintain a good sense of yourself while staying open to changes."

Flick's *Small Tuxedo Blowjob Adventure*

by Mark Samcoe

Part of Antimatter's "Party Time!" program, indie film *Small Tuxedo Blowjob Adventure* (*STBA*) tries to make dirty hummers funny. Nice try.

Saturday Night Live may have made the toilet a more diverse workplace when they introduced the mid-defecation knob-shine, known as a "Blumpy", but director Flick Harrison makes the whole bathroom glow, flicker and bounce. The laughs are a gag reflex.

The Vancouver-based filmmaker's organ-driven short goes disco-cheese the minute the dumpy protagonist enters the Dominion Hotel lavatory. And in this interstice of sound, Harrison gets a measly kudo. Everywhere else, this video is crap.

The editing may purposely reek, but for a man featured on CBC's *Road Movies* program, you think the product would be a tad more obtuse and ostentatious.

The promotional information on this film mentions "the spectre of war swirling on the periphery" and dubs itself "an instant classic." *STBA*'s tongue may be planted firmly in cheek, but on this six minute slag, it's choking on it.

Small Tuxedo Blowjob Adventure *will be showing Friday night, Sept. 27, in the Antimatter Film Fest.*

Salman Rushdie sells out Alix Goolden hall

by Leigh Phillips

Much of the the city's establishment turned out for Salman Rushdie's recent Victoria appearance.

UVic Dean of Law and former cabinet minister, Andrew Petter; former Speaker of the House, Gretchin Brewin; Victoria Council of Canadians *paterfamilias*, Saul Arbess; City Councillor Art Vanden Berg; Chair of UVic Political Science Department, Warren Magnussen; stick–insect and Alliance MP, Dr. Keith Martin and others – found themselves sharing a pew with the bepierced and cooler-than-thou English majors and Starbucks-employed graduate students packed into the sold-out Alix Goolden Performance Hall Monday night.

Rushdie spoke and read from his two latest works: the novella *Fury* and *Step Across This Line*, a compilation of his essays from the last ten years.

They were those who have read and those who would like to have been the sort of people who have read Rushdie's work. Perhaps they pressed themselves into the large–ish converted church with the aim of being able to say to their chattering class neighbours that they were the sort of people to go and see one of the sort of people who rarely visit Victoria.

Then again, perhaps they actually liked the award-winning little liberal toady of American imperialism. They certainly gave a warm enough round of applause to the man when he presented the sycophantic audience with a selection of platitudes on the significance of Sept. 11 and terrorism and attacked the Left for opposing the bombing of Afghanistan. Or perhaps they missed that last bit, being so in awe, as they were, of the Great Man.

And indeed, all snotty undergraduate cynicism aside, the man truly is one of the great writers of the age. Definitely the measure of a good wordsmith is his ability to speak with the same or near same expert cadence and rich verbiage he uses when writing.

As the recent fawning interview with Rushdie by *Globe and Mail* reporter Sandra Martin put it, Rushdie "speaks in paragraphs, not sentences."

Listening to Rushdie speak extemporaneously, prompted by David Grierson, host of CBC's *On the Island*, was velvet for the ears. From his reading from *Fury* to his nice, liberal coup-de-main to evolutionary biology-extinguishing Kansas school boards in an essay in Step Across This Line, his words were mind-chocolate.

It is a shame that Rushdie also put his considerable talents at the service of the banal and homicidal, id est, his public support for the War.

To be sure, his skewering of Junior Bush in a riff on Dr Seuss' *How the Grinch Stole Christmas*, written to coincide with the misunderestimated man's inauguration, made plain his safe, Democratic, Third Way criticisms of the hard right.

But he has taken time out of the last year, along with his comrade in imperial apologetics, author Christopher Hitchens, to pointedly attack the Left, and in particular the likes of Harold Pinter, Noam Chomsky and Tariq Ali for their opposition to the war.

Monday night was not complete without the short slander that "the Left had told the US it was to blame for September 11."

A community theatre production of *West Side Story* is less sugary than Rushdie's cotton-candy-at-the-fair appraisal of America. When Grierson asked him why he had moved to New York, "the Belly of the Beast," Rushdie was saccharine in his retort that New York was in fact "the greatest place in the world in which to live."

He has also spent some sizeable energy to the grand project of convincing people that there is such a thing as 'anti–Americanism' – a scourge on the scale of racism or anti–semitism, but where exactly Uncle Sam is discriminated against, the spaniel to American mythology never describes.

Rushdie also demanded "Islam ask itself why it breeds so many Bin Ladens," as he dis-remembered what crimes the West might have committed these last 500 years or so.

Rushdie is a superb writer but, like his Princess Diana-imitating friend Bono, with whom Rushdie told us he shared the stage at Wembley Stadium a while ago, he is a naive liberal when it comes to political commentary.

And apparently he thought that *Total Recall* was a terrific film.

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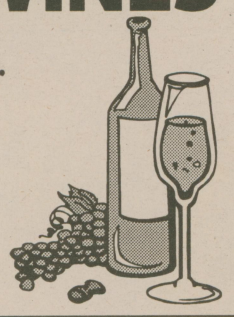

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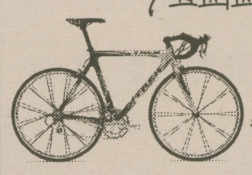

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Review

Candy striping

The White Stripes
White Blood Cells
Third Man Records

by Trey McNeil

I really had no idea what to expect from the White Stripes. But, at the urging of a friend, I gave *White Blood Cells* a chance.

After a brief silence, I was hit with a white squall of feedback and then blown away by some of the best distorted, heavy riffing I've heard since I first discovered '70s metal through Black Sabbath.

I had gotten the idea in my head that this was an underground three-chord punk band.

This pre-conception was dead wrong. This is not a punk record. There may be some punk elements in some of the songs, but that's about it.

It is difficult to describe the Stripes' style because it keeps changing. They go from '70s inspired slam on the first track "Dead Leaves On The Dirty Ground" to boot-stompin' Delta blues with "Hotel Yorbal." There is also a bit of indie rock with the first single "Fell In Love With A Girl."

It will make sense when you listen to it.

These musicians are not amateurs. Their tone quality and sonic diversity are amazing, especially considering that the band consists of only two musicians, both in their 20s.

Guitarist Jack White has the vocal intensity of an aged Delta blues man and the guitar chops of an experienced veteran twice his age. Jack's "sister" Meg can pound her drum kit into the next world, laying down pile-driver backbeats as well as a feather light touch with brush sticks.

Ultimately, *White Blood Cells* is an accomplished piece of work from a young band who are wise and talented beyond their years.

Andrew W.K. is what he is

by Robin Platts

Andrew W.K. means it. Andrew W.K. is sincere.

Remember this.

A conversation with this man will make you a true believer, ready to follow him into Hell, if he should ask. But he wouldn't ask that. Andrew is all about love and positivity. He speaks about what he does in terms that you've probably never heard from a rock musician, or possibly anyone.

Andrew hails from New York. His first album, *I Get Wet*, sports a striking photo of the singer with a bloody nose. Why? Don't look for an explanation. Like most things in Andrew's world, it just is what it is, it's exactly how it was meant to be and there's no other way he could have done it. *I Get Wet* is packed with some of the biggest, loudest, happiest hard rock sounds you've heard for ages. Just don't try to pin its creator down on his musical influences.

"I was inspired by many things," Andrew says, "but the influence is much less clear. It wasn't a case of making a band that sounds like my favourite 10 albums. I get most influences from things that aren't musical at all."

So what influences Andrew W.K.?

"People and humanity," he says, "which is just me being alive, the good and bad things that happen,... someone I talked to today, someone who has cancer, my mom, seeing how amazing life is."

Whether these things come across to the listener don't really matter to Andrew. "If someone sees it as something different, that's fine," he stresses. "It's whatever you want it to be. If (listeners) get anything from it, that's good. It's all very open. It is what it is."

Andrew has been playing the piano since he was young. To this day, his music starts with him at the piano, then explodes into a wall of sound – infectious, anthemic songs with more overdubs than even Def Leppard could imagine. The multiple layers aren't there to hide any musical deficiencies. Andrew simply couldn't make the album any smaller than it needs to be. He's hearing a mighty big sound in his head and making it happen outside.

"It's just one huge thing, which is everything to me," Andrew says. "I'm not trying to be cryptic. It's the feeling you get when you realize everything is okay – absolute elation. It's much bigger than a song, but it's all within a song. Why is it so loud? Because that's what I like. I want to make it as loud as possible because that's what I like. My restraint is not restraining myself.

"[I want] to get it to as many people as possible."

Andrew W.K. has a vision. Was there a defining moment in his life when this all came to him? Not one particular moment. "I attribute a great deal of it to my parents," he says. "I've been so lucky. It's borderline obscene how good my life has been. I don't take a lot of credit for those things. I've lucked out."

This, readers, is not your average bullshit, faux-modest showbiz answer. Andrew sounds genuinely humble, actually grateful that fans have embraced him. "People give me the power to make them happy," he says, when asked where his massive self-confidence comes from. "Self-confidence comes from other people. I've been given a lot of support."

Try to pin Andrew down with run-of-the-mill rock journo questions. It won't work. To wit: How would you describe your sound to someone who hasn't heard your album?

"It's the sound of being alive," he says. "Complete and utter abandon, and complete and utter love for what's going on."

Andrew is quick to counter any suggestion that his music is a throwback to some other era, or that he's revitalizing the current scene. "It's just music," he insists. "It's not a return to anything or a reaction to anything. There is no wrong with music. I'm not trying to save music, just make the most exciting sound I possibly could. It couldn't change if I wanted it to."

Andrew truly appreciates his fans – to the point that he has been known to spend several hours after a gig just hanging out with anyone who wants to hang out with him.

"It's what I do," he says. "It seems like the right thing. It's being given an opportunity to give something to someone. People have the time and patience to come to the concert. To not give them all I can would defeat the whole point."

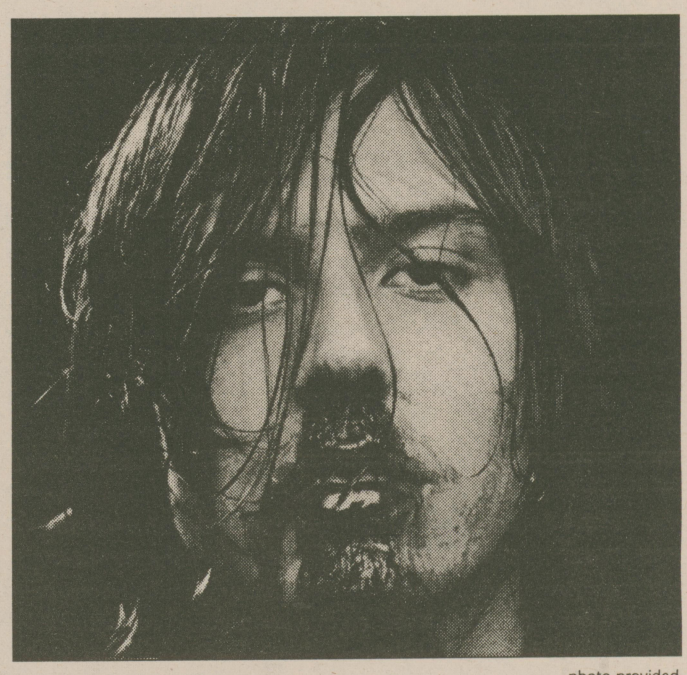

photo provided

"When I was growing up, I wasn't self-confident," says Andrew W.K. "I just didn't sway from what I liked."

Andrew wants to shatter the notion that people only want what they can't have, he says.

"It's time to level the playing field and give respect to those who give me the ability to exist. I think it's time for human beings to step up being human to another level, to give all they have to give."

"If it's four hours after a concert, I will be there," he promises.

"I'm here to be your friend. I'm trying somehow to work for you, to stand by your side. When you see me on TV or in a magazine, you can see that guy and say, 'He's my friend.' It's just... what is this all for at the end of the day? All that matters is how you made people feel. If just one person really liked it, then I'm really lucky.

"It could all end tomorrow and I would die the happiest person on the face of the earth," Andrew concludes, "knowing that I'd made someone happy."

Andrew W.K. will be appearing with Danko Jones at Legends this Sunday, Sept. 29.

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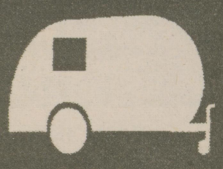

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Fred and Tony: Hardcourt Aces

by Mark Samcoe

The recent Pete Sampras – Andre Agassi US Open Final may very well have been the last meeting in their famous rivalry. Although their matches will only be seen on highlight reels and stacked next to Jimmy Connors vs. John McEnroe, or Monica Seles vs. Steffi Graf, Fred vs. Tony is one classic match-up you can still see, live, on the hardcourts at UVic.

Dr. Fred H. Knelman has taught environmental studies and interdisciplinary programs in science and human affairs everywhere from Concordia to UC Santa Cruz and Santa Barbara. A former UVic professor, he's the author of seven books and nearly 1,000 articles on global issues. He will be 83 in October. He loves tennis.

Dr. Anthony Etele is a former reconnaissance pilot with the Hungarian Air Force, a business entrepreneur, and professor emeritus responsible for establishing the international trade department at Ryerson. He too will be blowing out candles in October. He will be 91, and he too loves tennis.

photo by Mark Samcoe

The world from the baseline looks good from here.

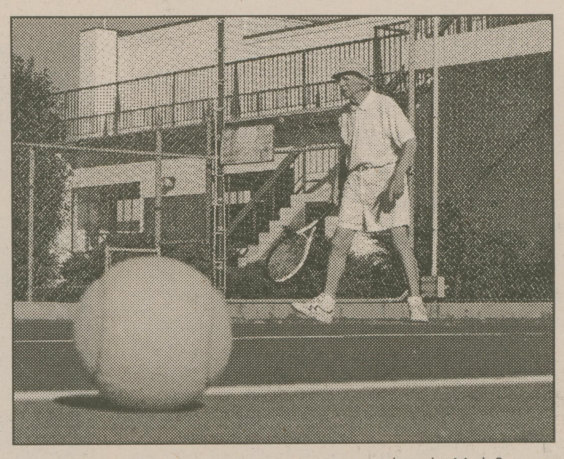


photo by Mark Samcoe

Having a ball. A pretty big ball, come to think of it.

Six days a week, rain or shine, Fred and Tony rally at the Ian H. Stewart Complex (ISC). During the winter, they take their racquets inside to the fieldhouse.

"It's an aesthetic exercise," Fred says. "It's a dance."

Their volleying began when Fred saw Tony hitting a tennis ball in a racquetball court at the Ian H. Stewart Complex and invited him to play tennis. "I adopted him," he says.

"Fred, he became my coach," Tony says. "He's the finest guy."

"He had no backhand at all," Fred says. "I taught him. Now we can have long rallies. It's marvelous. He's remarkable. He never gets tired."

A self-described compulsive soccer player in his adolescence, Fred had no formal tennis lessons. His rallying with a Wimbledon junior several years ago changed everything.

"It transformed my game," Fred says. "My tennis has gone through a quantum leap. I've been playing for a long time but it's only in the last 10 years I've been able to hit the ball with professional accuracy."

Hints of romance surround Tony's tennis beginnings. "I was with the Air Force in Moscow," he says. "I met a beautiful countess and she invited me to play tennis."

"She invited you to play, period," Fred says.

Every morning, without fail, Complex staff are greeted by the pair.

"They're the most friendly guys in the world," says Scott Hayhurst, a front-desk employee at the ISC.

Sonya Bertrand, who's known them from the time she began working at the desk two-and-a-half years ago, agrees.

"They're great," she says. "They're at least 50 years older than me and I know they could kick my ass."

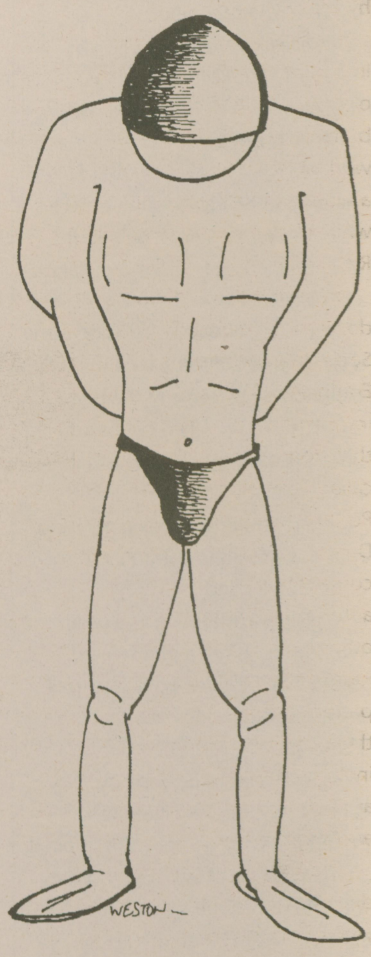
Vitality is their philosophy.

"Keep yourself busy concerning your mind and body," Tony says.

"At our age, it's a very healthy act," Fred says. "I enjoy hitting with Tony. I'm not interested in winning at all, or losing. Certainly not losing."

Self-torture with Speedos

by Rich Cole



I thought I'd let you in on a secret. I bought a Speedo today.

Yeah, I know. I can't believe it either.

If you had asked me six months ago to wear a Speedo, I would have said something like, "Speedos are for fucking chumps. My name isn't Fabio, and I'm no gigolo. Why would I want to wear spandex dental floss?"

But, on the advice, or should I say demand, of a certain swim coach at UVic, I had no choice. After yesterday's practice he said, and I quote, "Either you get a Speedo, or I'll cut the legs of your shorts off, and anything else in the way for that matter, before you get in the water tomorrow."

So, today, I faced the inevitable. I went Speedo shopping. I told my roommates I was getting groceries – gotta maintain some pride, guys.

I visited every dive and swim shop in greater Victoria, searching for a Speedo that would impress my coach, and the ladies.

There is no such thing.

Every freaking place I went had these tiny little g-string thingies that looked too small to fit into. I vowed not to try them on.

"They're too small," I thought, wasting the whole afternoon driving in circles, asking store clerks questions they couldn't possibly answer correctly.

"Do you have these in a more conservative cut? Don't they make a surfer version of these?"

"I'm sorry, Sir," the clerks would say. "All we have is what's on the rack. Would you like to try one on?" To which I would reply, "no," and walk out.

At Swimco in Mayfair Mall, I made a fatal mistake. In the interest of time, knowing I had only one hour until practice across town and was pretty much screwed. I said, "Okay, I'll try one on."

I went into the change room and endured the most traumatic moments of my life. First I figured out how to put it on, which took quite some time.

Then I looked in the mirror.

Instantly I cracked up. "Ladies," I thought. "Watch out. Rich is wearing a g-string."

It looked hideous. I looked ridiculous. I couldn't look.

It was then I figured out how I would overcome this self-torture. I turned my eyes from the mirror, changed, paid for the Speedo, and went to the pool.

Walking on the deck at swim practice, I imagined I was wearing the draftiest pair of long surfer shorts ever.

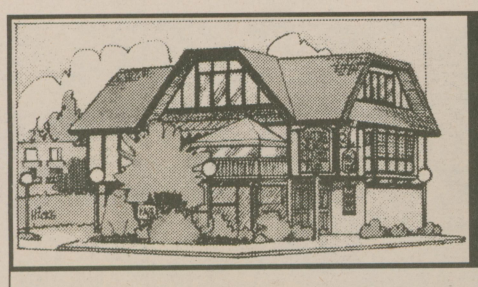
The key was to not look down.

Sure, I might've looked ridiculous, but only to others. For all I knew, I was a surfin' stud.

After the initial screams and whistles from my teammates subsided, I hopped in the water and swam my fastest ever.

"These rad long surfer shorts work," I thought.

I feel so good in them; I might even wear them around the UVic campus. Maybe I can find a leopard-print pair to really impress the ladies?



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Formula SAE: Engineered and Automotivated

by Mark Samcoe

In a garage on UVic's outskirts, a team of engineering students is building a better racecar. Eric Pesky sits on a worktable, his legs stretched beneath a wooden mock-up of the cockpit, while discussing the design with Richard Lewis.

Pesky and Lewis are just two of the dozen or so members of the Society of Automotive Engineers (SAE), an international organization that hosts an annual event called Formula SAE at the Pontiac Silverdome in Detroit each May. The competition, supported by automotive companies and other large corporations, judges student teams on the performance and design of their cars. The five-day event includes a road course, acceleration test, safety inspections, and much more.

"You don't just get in the car and drive fast," says Lewis, in his fourth year of mechanical engineering.

This past May, he and eight other engineering students took a car to the Michigan event, finishing fifth out of 32 rookie teams and 95th out of 140 teams.

This fall, Pesky, Lewis and a dedicated few are once again devoting their time to the construction of a car for the event.

"The whole goal is to build a car to their specifications," says Lewis. This means following over 100 pages of regulations, most of which are safety-related.

Last year's construction began in January, with over 1500 hours going into the car's production.

"When it came down to it, we didn't know what we were doing," says Lewis. "None of us had built a racecar before. Our knowledge was pretty limited. About 90 per cent of us had a passion for cars and the other 10 per cent developed a passion."

Described as a cross between a Formula One car and a go-cart, the car is an open-cockpit vehicle similar to a Shifter cart.

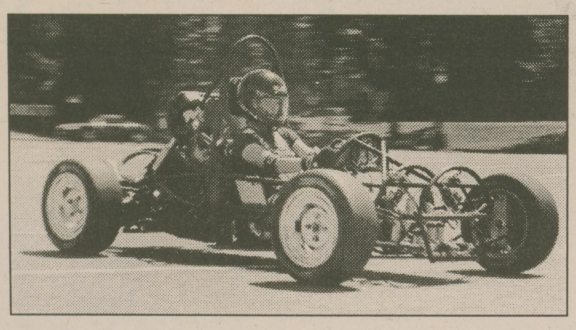

photo by Mark Samcoe

Go Greased Lightnin', you're burnin' up the quarter-mile.

"It's faster than anything you'll ever see on the road," says Lewis. "Because it's such a light car, it handles and brakes better than any streetcar. However, it's not optimized for easy maintenance and manufacturing."

Most of their funding comes from corporate sponsorship, while the work is volunteer. UVic gave them space to work and parking passes. They paid their own way to Detroit.

As the competition loomed, team members lived in the garage, often sleeping there. "It's a much bigger project than most people grasp," says Lewis. "It was quite amazing. We did a road trip with nine people in a van, and spent five days in Detroit with no sleep."

And with last year's success, there's more interest this year. Engineers are doing graduate work at UVic in order to be close to the car. New students have chosen UVic because of the car and their involvement with Formula SAE.

Of course, the increased interest doesn't make the work any easier. "It's a pretty steep learning curve," says Lewis. "No one has the responsibility to point out what to do. We don't make it too easy for people to join and we don't make it too hard."

"People have to come in and adapt themselves," says Pesky, a third-year mechanical engineer. "It makes it really hard to start. All we require is a good attitude."

So far, they haven't turned anyone away. Numbers have been kept manageable through attrition. Many students who initially show interest see the amount of work and sacrifice involved and withdraw their commitment.

"Most of our problems involve red tape," says Lewis. "Everything we did before, we did without asking. Even though we produced a car, no one's sure if we're for real."

Real? How real does one team member postponing knee surgery in order to travel to Detroit sound? Eight months later, he's still waiting.

"There's no end to what this team will do for this car," says Lewis. People spend their vacation on this car."

Pesky cancelled plans to go home to France this summer, and took only three days off instead of three weeks.

"We're all really passionate about what we're doing," says Lewis.

"It's more than just a car," says Pesky.

More information on Formula SAE is available at www.uvic.fsae.ca

This week in sports

HOME

RUGBY (M)	@ Wallace Field
Sept. 28	vs. UBC

AWAY

RUGBY (W)	@ Nanaimo
Sept. 28	vs. Nanaimo
SOCCER (M, W)	
Sept. 28	vs. UofA
Sept. 29	vs. UofC
SOCCER (W)	
Sept. 30	vs. Regina

Winners and Losers

Women's Soccer
Sept. 19 UVic 6 Lethbridge 1
Sept. 22 UVic 2 UofC 1

Men's Soccer
Sept. 19 UVic 2 Lethbridge 0
Sept. 22 UVic 2 UofC 1

Women's Field Hockey
Tournament @ University of Alberta
Sept. 20 UVic 2 UofC 0
Sept. 21 UVic 3 UofA 0
Sept. 22 UVic 2 UofM 0
Sept. 22 UVic 2 UBC 1

"We're getting goals off our set plays. Any time you can do that you're really dangerous."

Tracy David, Women's Soccer coach

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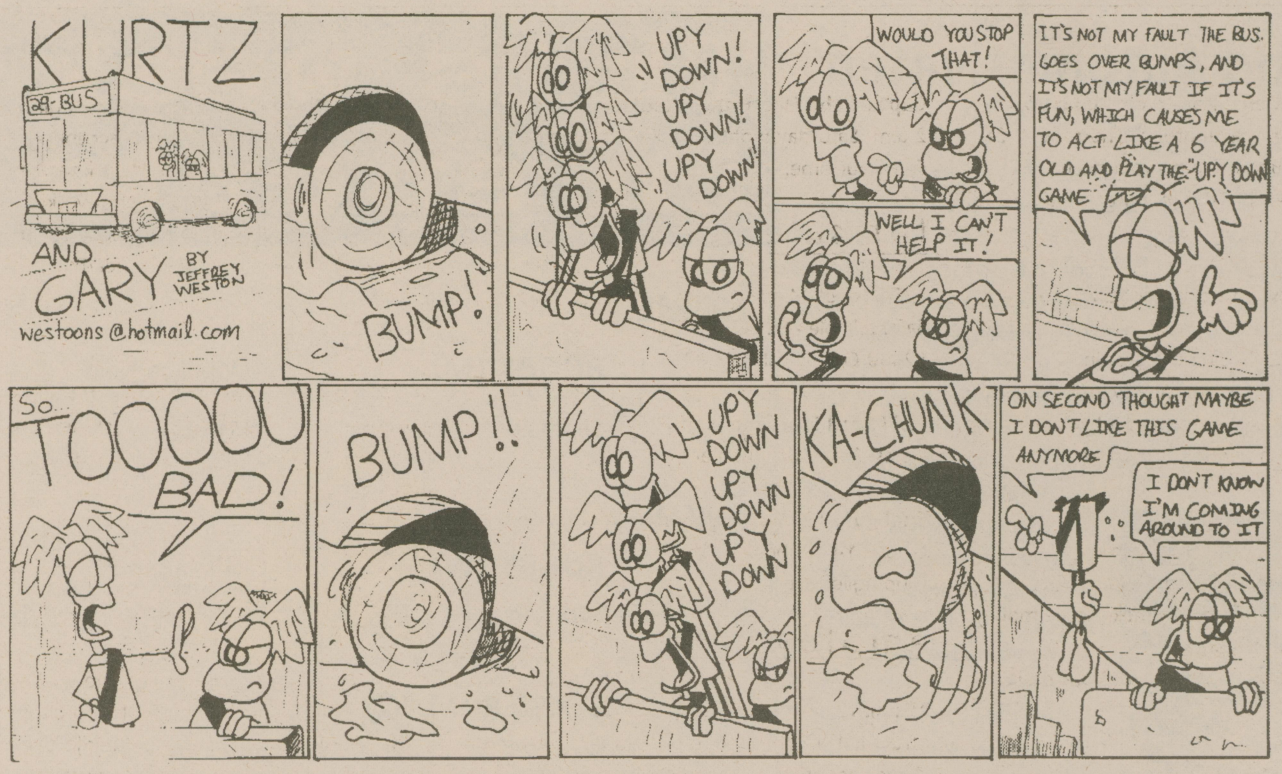
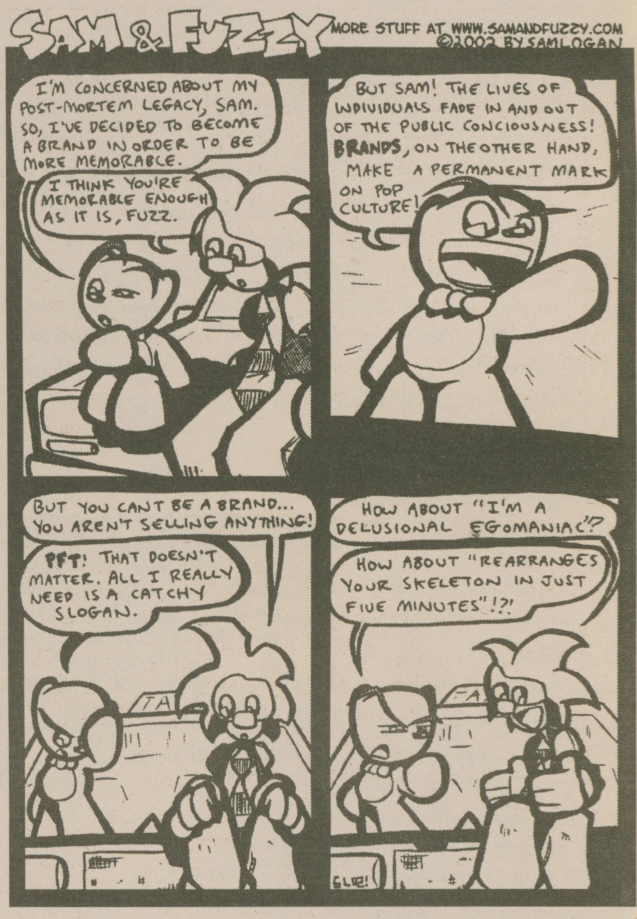
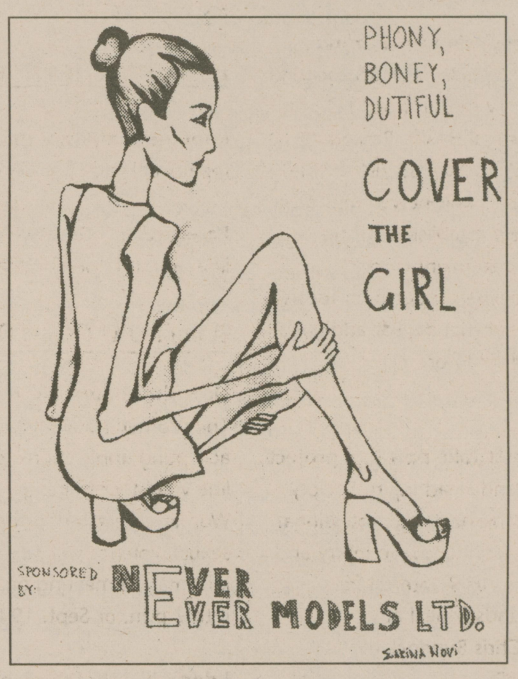
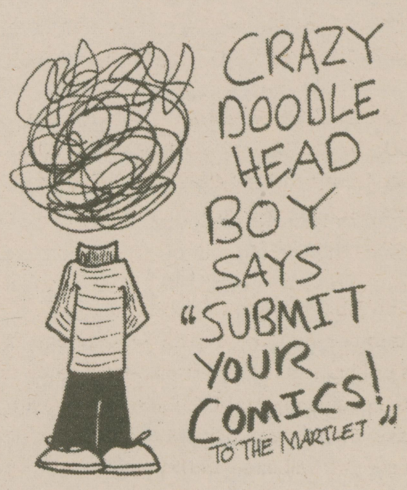
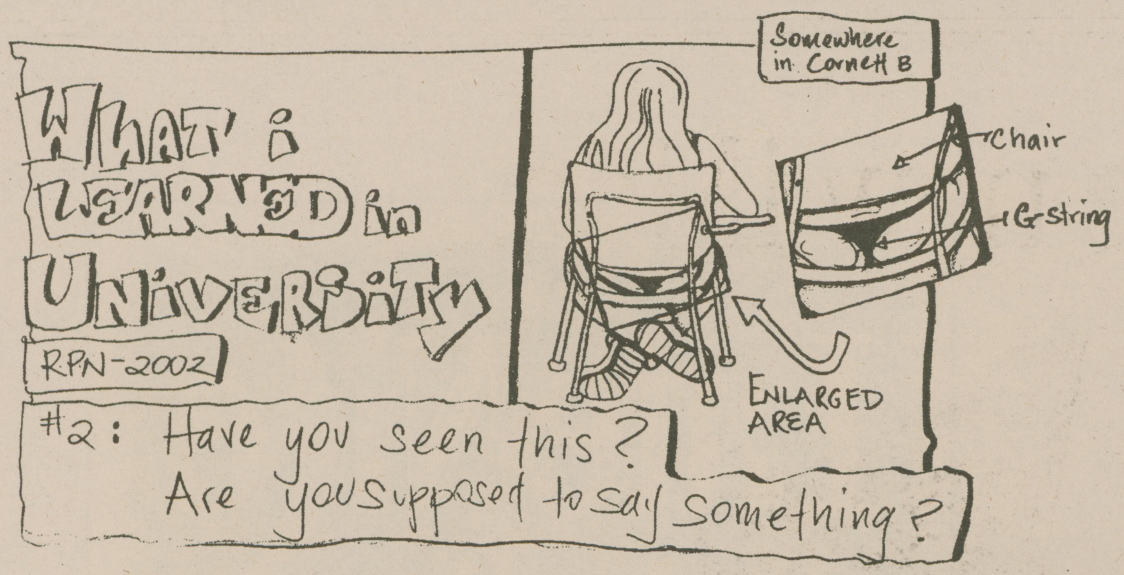

KURTZ
AND GARY
BY JEFFREY WESTON
westoons@hotmail.com
BUMP!
UPY DOWN! UPY DOWN! UPY DOWN!
WOULD YOU STOP THAT!
WELL I CAN'T HELP IT!
IT'S NOT MY FAULT THE BUS GOES OVER BUMPS, AND IT'S NOT MY FAULT IF IT'S FUN, WHICH CAUSES ME TO ACT LIKE A 6 YEAR OLD AND PLAY THE "UPY DOWN" GAME
So TOOOOU BAD!
BUMP!!
UPY DOWN UPY DOWN UPY DOWN
KA-CHUNK
ON SECOND THOUGHT MAYBE I DON'T LIKE THIS GAME ANYMORE
I DON'T KNOW I'M COMING AROUND TO IT

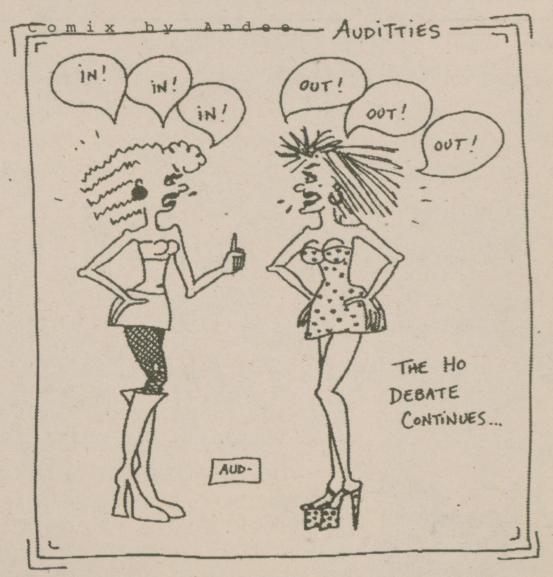

SAM & FUZZY
MORE STUFF AT WWW.SAMANDFUZZY.COM
©2002 BY SAM LOGAN
I'M CONCERNED ABOUT MY POST-MORTEM LEGACY, SAM. SO, I'VE DECIDED TO BECOME A BRAND IN ORDER TO BE MORE MEMORABLE.
I THINK YOU'RE MEMORABLE ENOUGH AS IT IS, FUZZ.
BUT SAM! THE LIVES OF INDIVIDUALS FADE IN AND OUT OF THE PUBLIC CONCIOUSNESS! BRANDS, ON THE OTHER HAND, MAKE A PERMANENT MARK ON POP CULTURE!
BUT YOU CAN'T BE A BRAND... YOU AREN'T SELLING ANYTHING!
PFT! THAT DOESN'T MATTER. ALL I REALLY NEED IS A CATCHY SLOGAN.
HOW ABOUT "I'M A DELUSIONAL EGOMANIAC"?
HOW ABOUT "REARRANGES YOUR SKELETON IN JUST FIVE MINUTES"!?!
GLUE!

Herbert Griffin, the Invisible Man's half-brother.









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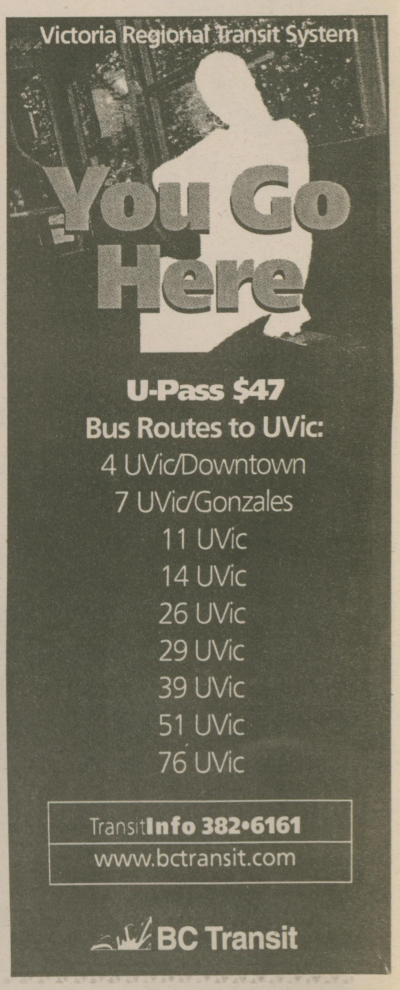

on campus

UVic Law Dean's Women's Advisory Committee presents Professor Orit Kamir: "Memory, recovery and justice in conflicted societies - a law and film perspective. " 7 p.m., Fri. Oct. 4, UVic Fraser Bldg, Rm 159. Free admission. Reception to follow.

Attention Cyclists! The UVic Bicycle Users Committee and the Greater Victoria Bike to Work Society are offering a free day-long course on commuter cycling traffic skills. The course runs on Sept. 22, 29 and Oct. 6, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. each day. To register, visit web.uvic.ca/uvbikes, or call 920-5775.

An Alternative Future for BC NDP MLA Jenny Kwan discusses her thoughts on the future of our province. Speech will be followed by a social. Food and refreshments available. Everyone welcome. Admission by donation. Wed. Oct. 9 at 7p.m. in the Michèle Pujol Room. For more info. call Daniel at 519-4740.

Catholic Students' Association Mount Douglas Hike Montée. Sat. Oct. 12, 1- 4 p.m. Meet new friends and get a great view of Victoria. We'll renezvous at 1 p.m. at Holy Cross parish, 4049 Gordon Head Road, then carpool to Mount Doug. Bring sturdy shoes and your water bottle.

Catholic Students' Association International Potluck, Sunday Oct. 20 after the 4 p.m. Mass at Holy Cross Parish, 4049 Gordon Head Road. Bring a dish that expresses your cultural heritage. All welcome.

Eyes on Tibet Tibetan Film Festival in the David Lam Auditorium, 7 p.m. Sept. 27 and 28. Films will highlight the perils experienced by the Tibetan people under the Chinese regime with a focus on the plight of women and children. Each evening will open with distinguished speakers and chanting from the Gaden Jangtse Monks. Tickets $10 per evening.

VIPIRG Party. Come learn more about your public interest research group. Thurs. Sept. 26 in the Grad Lounge. 7 p.m. volunteer orientation. 7:45 to 10 p.m. party. Music. Food. Dancing.

Malahat Review Literary magazine information day. Thurs. Oct. 3, 10 a.m. - 2 p.m. in the Fine Arts Bldg foyer. Discover the best in contemporary fiction and poetry in Canadian literary magazines. Special student subscriptions available. Refreshments. For more info. call 721-8524

Calling all artists. The History in Art Student Society is holding a silent art auction Oct. 23 and 24. If you would like to make some money for your art, please contact historyinart@hotmail.com submissions no later than Oct. 21.

off campus

The M.E. Victoria Association for Chronic Fatigue is holding their regular support meeting on the 3rd Tues. of every month from 1-3 p.m. in the Clinic Room, Capital Health Region Offices, 2nd floor-3995 Quadra St. /McKenzie Saanich Centre. Members and newcomers are urged to come and help establish a strong working support group to maintain our organization as an effective support unit for us all. Come and bring your friends. For additional info, contact us at 384-4783 or me_victoria@shaw.ca

Attention Visual Artists! Take part in a project with the Vancouver Island Head Injury Society and have your work published in a professional calender. Learn about acquired brain injury and help raise funds for the VIHIS. Interested participants: contact Lindsey Beal at paulinds@shaw.ca or Chris Bundock at bundockc@uvic.ca ASAP.

Capture the Flag Established adventure. 2 a.m. Saturday nights. Market Square Gates. Free your time.

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announcements

New shift hours! No overnight shifts!
The Women's Sexual Assault Centre is currently accepting applications for the Fall 2002 crisis line volunteer training.
Women interested in supporting survivors of sexual violence call 383-5545 to sign up for an information meeting on Sept. 17, 23 or 26 from 6 to 7 p.m. or Sept. 19 from 3 to 4 p.m.

I don't like that samich. It tastes funny.

Attention Writers and Artists! The English Students' Course Union is again accepting submissions of poetry/prose/artwork for our literary arts journal, "Chaos." Send works to escu@uvic.ca or drop off a hard copy in our box in the English Dept., 3rd floor. Clearihue.

wanted

Seeking drummer with interest in recording and touring for dedicated pop/rock/new wave band with original songs. Call 385-6359 or brookeg@uvic.ca

I-book. Call Stewart at 884 7691

hey you

You're goin' down, mo-fo! You know who you are, Mr. Professional-writing-prof-who-doesn't-know-the-difference-betweeen-an-adjective-and-an-adverb. Here's a tip: adjectives never modify verbs, only the almighty adverb! Chump.

Dudes, a sleeve is not a pint! A correct pint is 20 oz.; a lowly sleeve between 12 and 16. Demand a decent pint.

Let's be clear, kids: "it's" is a contraction of "it is"; "its" is the possessive. Counter-intuitive, I know, but you're at university now. You should be aware of this. Also: to show possession of nouns ending in "s", simply add a single apostrophe, as in: Chris'. It is not: Chris's.

God, I hate two-shots-of-coffee-Americanos. If I wanted two shots, I'd ask for it.

Mr. J with the broken car, I wanna pop your clutch.

You: wearing a romper suit in Felicita's.
Me: desperate for a shag.
Did we have a moment?

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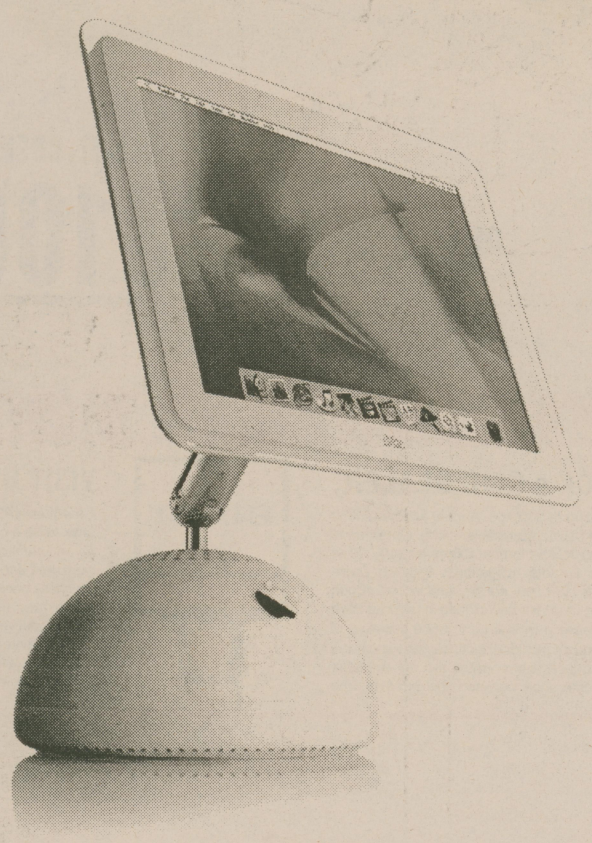

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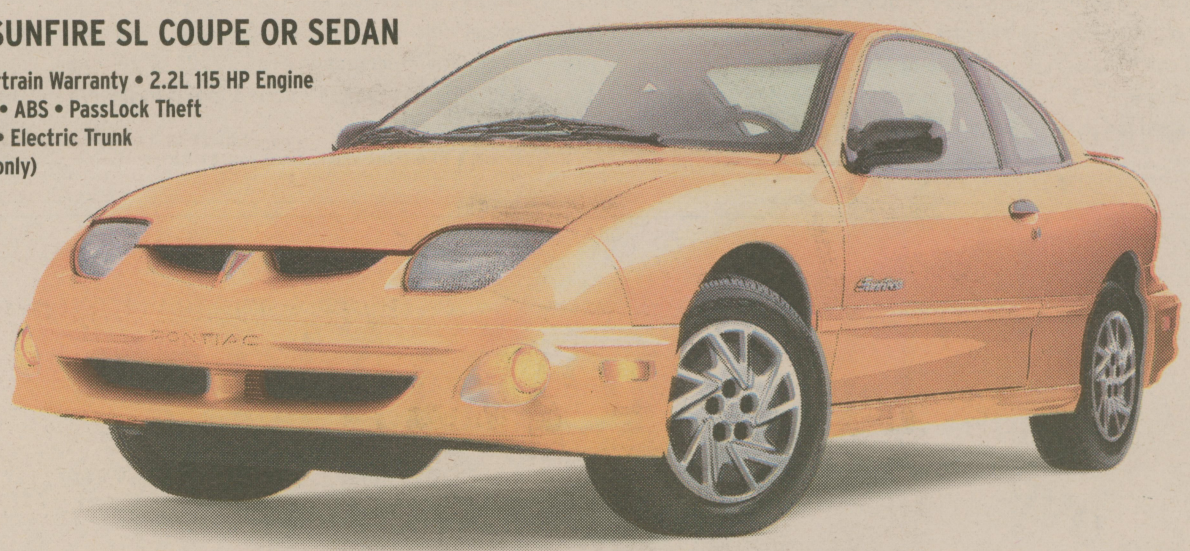

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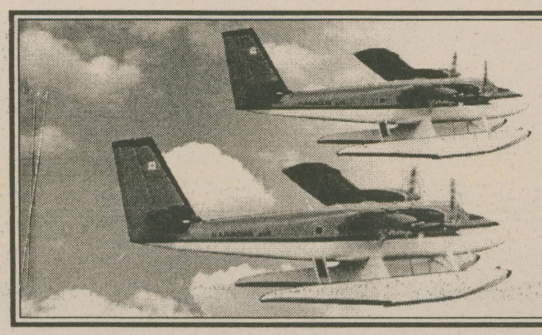

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